

A Norman Origin for Shakespeare

Yearly Subscription, \$2.50

NOV 17 1921

Single Number, 75 cents

The

Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



October-December, 1921

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| I. <i>To One Dying</i> (a poem) . . . | WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY |
| II. <i>A Norman Origin for Shakespeare</i> . . . | JOSEPH Q. ADAMS |
| III. <i>The Charm of Greek Travel</i> . . . | WALTER WOODBURN HYDE |
| IV. <i>Hallowe'en</i> (a poem) . . . | WINIFRED M. LETTS |
| V. <i>A School of the Past</i> . . . | JAMES H. DILLARD |
| VI. <i>Of Autumn</i> . . . | GRANT SHOWERMAN |
| VII. <i>Some Latin Inscriptions</i> . . . | FRANK FROST ABBOTT |
| VIII. <i>My Kitchen</i> (a poem) . . . | EDITH HORTON |
| IX. <i>Katharsis in Literature and in Life</i> . . . | ATHERTON NOYES |
| X. <i>How Solomon Was Wise</i> . . . | BENJAMIN W. WELLS |
| XI. <i>The Father of French Agriculture</i> . . . | WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY |
| XII. <i>Moritz Saphir and the Pathetic Gayety of Vienna</i> | ROY TEMPLE HOUSE |
| XIII. <i>Whom the Gods Love</i> . . . | JOSEPH WOOD-KRUTCH |
| XIV. <i>The City of the Dead</i> (a poem) . . . | MARION COUTHOUY SMITH |
| XV. <i>Mr. Wells and History</i> . . . | CHARLES L. WELLS |
| XVI. <i>Book Reviews</i> | |

PUBLISHED BY

THE SEWANEE REVIEW, INC.

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors to the October Review

MR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, of Greenville, Mississippi, is the author of *Sappho in Levkas, and Other Poems* and *In April Once*.

DR. JOSEPH Q. ADAMS is Professor of English in Cornell University. He has produced *Shakespearean Playhouses*, etc., and is writing a life of Shakespeare.

DR. WALTER WOODBURN HYDE is Assistant Professor of Greek and Ancient History in the University of Pennsylvania.

MISS WINIFRED M. LETTS, of Dublin, Ireland, contributed the poem *Hands* to the REVIEW for January, 1921.

DR. JAMES H. DILLARD, of Charlottesville, Virginia, is President of the Jeanes Foundation and of the John F. Slater Fund, and is a member of the General Education Board.

DR. GRANT SHOWERMAN, a member of the Department of Classics in the University of Wisconsin, is well known as a scholar, essayist and translator.

DR. FRANK FROST ABBOTT is Kennedy Professor of Latin in Princeton University. He has published *Society and Politics in Ancient Rome*, *Roman Political Institutions*, *A History of Rome*, etc.

MISS EDITH HORTON, of Ithaca, New York, is writing verse of merit and promise.

DR. ATHERTON NOYES, until recently Professor of English in Colorado College, is now teaching in Harvard and Radcliffe.

DR. BENJAMIN W. WELLS, of New York, is an author, scholar and critic whose work is familiar to our readers. He contributed *Business and Politics at Carthage* to the REVIEW for October, 1920.

DR. WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY, a frequent contributor to the REVIEW, is Professor of Romance Languages in Indiana University.

DR. ROY TEMPLE HOUSE is Head of the Department of Modern Languages in the University of Oklahoma.

MR. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is teaching English in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

MISS MARION COUTHOUY SMITH, of East Orange, New Jersey, is well known as a writer of magazine verse.

DR. CHARLES L. WELLS is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of the South.

THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XXIX]

OCTOBER, 1921

[No. 4

TO ONE DYING

When you are gone, the stars will be content,
Gazing as always in the deep of ocean;
There will not be a fluttering bird that cries
With anguish more importunate beneath the moon;
The rolling seasons with unhindered flow
Of bloom and scarlet tatterings and feathered ice
Will fold the world in loveliness as now.
But I shall have but these and these with glory shorn
And half invisible because you went. . . .
Then I shall pass. And none because of me
Will be less glad of spring or watch with eyes that blur
The evening's own bright star.
Only, I think, in some remote demesne
That you have learned to love regretfully
There will be added brightness and a cry
Of patient waiting done.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

Greenville, Mississippi.

A NORMAN ORIGIN FOR SHAKESPEARE

What 's in a name? petulantly asks Juliet. The answer is, as every student of the subject knows: In some names, very little or nothing, in others, possibly a great deal. The latter seems to be the case with the name of our most distinguished English poet. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as to-day, the name "Shakespeare" unquestionably suggested to the mind of everyone what its two syllabic elements so clearly indicate—military prowess. But the suggestion was then far more obvious than now, for the age was nearer to chivalry, and the phrase "the shaking of the spear" was almost a commonplace as expressing the doughtiness of warriors. Layamon, in his *Brut*, represents the valiant British earls as leaping upon their horses and thus defying the Roman hosts:—

"Heo scaeken on heore honden speren swithe stronge."

The English rendering of Job xli, 29, takes the form: "He laugheth at the shaking of the spear". John Marston, in *Histrionastix*, 1598, writes humorously:—

"When he shakes his furious spear,
The foe in shivering, fearful sort
May lay him down in death to snort";

and John Davies of Hereford, in *Humour's Heav'n on Earth*, 1609, writes seriously:—

"No human power can their force withstand;
They laugh to scorn the shaking of the spear."

Illustrations might be multiplied, showing that the significance of the poet's name could not have escaped his contemporaries.

It is duly noted by the early etymologists of proper names. Thus Verstegan, in *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605, under the caption *Of the Surnames of Our Ancient Families*, writes:—

"*Breakspear, Shakspear*, and the like, have been names imposed upon the first bearers of them for *valour and feats of arms*."

And the learned William Camden, who as Clarenceux King of Arms devoted special study to family names, makes the same statement in his *Remains*, 1605. Thomas Fuller, in his sketch of the poet's life, first of all notes that he was—

“*Martiall* in the *Warlike* sound of his Sur-name (whence some may conjecture him of a *Military extraction*), *Histri-vibrans*, or Shake-speare.”

Spenser, Jonson, and others, took occasion to point out that his name did “heroically sound”; the Elizabethan printers felt impelled to emphasize its military significance by the use of a hyphen; and the officers of the College of Heralds embodied this significance in a canting design for the Shakespeare coat of arms, with a crest of the warlike falcon shaking a spear in its talons. The poet himself, no doubt, believed that military prowess was the true, as it was the obvious, origin of his patronymic; and possibly in composing his dedicatory letters to the great Earl of Southampton he felt a mild sense of pride as he signed his name in its most suggestive form—“Shakespeare”.

But that the name originally had this form, or bore this significance, is open to doubt. Some of the early spellings may be cited as pertinent: Saxberd, Shagspere, Saksper, Shakespur, Chacsper, Saxper, Sackesper, Shaxberd. Hence scholars have tried to find the origin of the name in such fanciful sources as “Sigisbert” and “Jacques Pierre”. Mrs. Stopes, in her admirable work, *Shakespeare's Family*, gives up the attempt, saying simply:—

“The origin of the name ‘Shakespeare’ is hidden in the mists of antiquity.”

It seems to have escaped observation that the name is possibly of Norman origin, and that the Shakespeares may have come over with the hordes that followed in the wake of William the Conqueror.

A few weeks ago my friend, Professor George L. Hamilton, called my attention to the fact that a name like Shakespeare's appears in the Great Rolls of Normandy for the year 1195. In a list of mainpernors in the Bailiwick of Oximin, situate in the

diocese of Bayeux, who were owing money to King Richard, we read:—

“Will(iam) Sakeespee r(eddit) c(om)p(utum) de ij m(arcis) p(ro) eod(em) [*i. e.*, pro plegio]. In th(esau)ro v so(lidos) st(er)l(ingorum). Et deb(et) i m(arcam), viij so(lidos), iiij d(enarios).”¹

This entry may be translated as follows:—

“William Sakeespée renders account for two marks on the same score [*i. e.*, as security for some person]. In the treasury five shillings sterling. And he owes one mark, eight shillings, and four pence.”

Three years later a return from the same bailiwick notes that William Sakeespée had made “no further payment” and was still indebted to the crown for the sum recorded in 1195:—

“Will(iam) Sakeespee i ma(r)c(am), viij so(lidos), iiij d(enarios) st(er)lingorum p(ro) pl(egio) Rag. Bladar(ii).”²

[“William Sakeespée, one mark, eight shillings, four pence, sterling, as security for Rag. Bladarius.”]

A careful search through the Rolls yielded no other allusion. Possibly William Sakeespée had already left the diocese. There is, however, a reference to a Roger Sakeespée in a neighboring diocese.

In printing the Norman Rolls, Stapleton points out that their chief value will be “to enable each descendant of a family of Norman origin readily to trace out the locality or epithet from which his surname is derived”. The appearance in these Rolls of a William Sakeespée clearly indicates the possibility, if not the probability, that the poet’s family, like so many distinguished English families, came from across the Channel during the rule of English Kings over northern France. If this be the case, exactly when the Shakespeares settled in England is not clear. The name, however, does not appear in the *Domesday Book*, 1086, in which William the Conqueror listed the taxable inhab-

¹ *Magni Rotuli Scaccarii Normanniae*, ed. Thomas Stapleton, 1840-44, i, 242. I have expanded the abbreviations used in the manuscript.

² *Op. cit.*, ii, 411.

itants of each shire. Indeed, the earliest reference to the family in England, which the well-nigh exhaustive search carried on through many years by hundreds of Shakespearean scholars, expert genealogists, and minute archæologists, has yet discovered, bears the date 1248. The form the name takes is "Saksper", the given appellation is "William", and the place is in Warwickshire, about seven miles from Stratford. The next earliest reference, 1260, gives the name as "Shakespeye", and a third, 1278, as "Sakesper". From this time on the name appears with great frequency in Warwickshire and the adjacent counties. The entries in the Norman Rolls show that about fifty years before the name begins to appear in English records, a "William Sakeespée" was living under English rule in northern France. We find him registered as a debtor to King Richard for a sum which apparently he did not find it easy to pay. We cannot, of course, say that in the reign of this sovereign the Sakeespées migrated to England; but we are reminded of Christopher Sly's humorous boast:—

"The Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror."

As to the history of the Sakeespée family in Normandy I have been able to discover little. The name seems to have been of rare occurrence. It was not unknown, however, in northern France, and the family was not without some distinction, at least at a later date. There is reason for believing that one of these Norman Sakeespées was endowed with "the heavenly gift of poesy". An acrostic at the end of the better of the two extant manuscripts of the important romance *Le Chatelain de Couci*, written in the latter part of the thirteenth or the early part of the fourteenth century, seems to declare that the author is named "Jakemes Sakesep" (*i. e.*, Jacques Sakeespée).³ "Jakemes" is a peculiar Norman form, and the author of the romance unquestionably spoke the Picard dialect. Again, in the year 1408 a Sakeespée was mayor of a village in the north of France,—a man of

³ A second manuscript makes the acrostic read "Jakemes Makesep". See G. Paris, in *Histoire Littéraire*, xxviii, 353, and Ch.-V. Langlois, *La Société Française au xiii^e Siècle*, 1911, 187, 221.

some means and education. To a document, now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he signed his name clearly "Jacques Saquespée".

If the name of the English family was originally "Saquespée", or "Sakeespée", it passed through various corruptions—such as were common to English surnames—until it emerged through popular folk-etymology into the thoroughly anglicized form "Shakespeare".

Probably this evolution was largely determined by the Norman pronunciation of the first syllable of the name, *saque* or *sak*, preserving the hard sound of *k*, which in England would promptly identify it with the English word *sak*, a common form of *shake* (derived from O. E. *scacan*). It was natural that, as the intrusion of the letter *h* grew more and more into usage until *shake* completely replaced the earlier forms, this letter would make its appearance in the first element of the proper name we are considering. It should not be forgotten that the earliest form of the name in England is "Saksper", and that this form long persisted. For example, the poet's uncle was entered in the burial register of Snitterfield in 1596 as "Henry Sakspere", and his wife shortly after as "Margret Sakspere, widow, being times the wyff of Henry Shakspere". Since the first element of the name, both in its original form *sak* and in its later form with the intrusion of the letter *h*, suggested the idea of shaking something, the second element *espée*⁴ might readily suggest the modification into "Shake-a-speare",⁵ or "Shakespeare", for in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under the influence of the allegory and of popular folk-etymology, such was the general tendency of compound proper names.

Possibly this slight modification in sound to make sense was assisted by the meaning of the name in its French form, a meaning more clearly revealed in the spelling "Saquespée". The first element, *saquer*, a Norman variant for *sacher* (derived probably from *sac*), means "to snatch out vigorously"; the second ele-

⁴ Cf. the English variant of 1260, "Shakespeye".

⁵ Cf. the early variants "Shakaspeare", "Shakyspeare", "Shakispeare". The Stratford records commonly refer to the poet's father as "John Shakspeare".

ment, *espée*, a common spelling for *épée*, means "a sword". Hence the name in its French form had a military significance, "to snatch out the sword quickly".

That this significance was obvious to contemporaries is shown by the fact that in the Norman Rolls the name appears variously as "Sake Espee", "Sake espee", and "Sakeespee". And such an obvious military significance would, in a measure at least, justify the modification, in English terms, to "Shakespeare". We are thus, in conclusion, brought back to the original assertion of Verstegan, that the name was imposed upon the first bearers "for valour and feats of arms".

That the Sakeespées actually migrated from Normandy to England is beyond doubt. In the *Calendar of the Charter Rolls* for 1310 we discover a family with the first names "Ralph", "Robert", and "Simon", and the surname, variously spelled, "Sakespei", "Sakespey", "Syakespeye", "Saxpey", and "Shakespeie"; and Mr. Ernest Weekley observes in his *Surnames*, 1916, that the name "Sacquespee" occurs frequently in our early records. It is further interesting to note the appearance of the name "Drawsword", 1273, an exact English translation of "Sakeespée", along with the curious hybrid form "Drawespee". Was the latter name an attempt, in a bilingual age, to prevent the inevitable confusion of the French word *sak*, to draw, with the English word *sak*, to shake? Still more significant is the appearance of the name "Drawspere", which may be a corruption of "Drawespée"; for although one might easily *shake* a spear, it is hard to understand how one could *draw* a spear.

If on his father's side the poet was distinctively French in origin, on his mother's side he was no less distinctively Saxon, for the Ardens proudly traced their line back to Sheriff Ailwin, Great Guy of Warwick, the Saxon King Athelstan, and Alfred the Great. This enables us better to understand the versatility of Shakespeare's genius, for in him, the most typical Englishman, were combined in full measure the two important race elements that have gone to the making of the greatest of modern nations.

JOSEPH Q. ADAMS.

Cornell University.

THE CHARM OF GREEK TRAVEL

At Tibur, on the banks of the Anio, the travel-loving emperor Hadrian built a magnificent villa, a marvel of architectural display and landscape-gardening. He did this to perpetuate his memories of Greece. In one part he reconstructed the Lyceum where Aristotle had walked with his pupils, in another the groves of the Academy where Plato founded his school, the prototype of our universities. In still another he constructed a copy of the Prytaneum or *Hôtel de Ville* of Athens, which for centuries had stood on the north slope of the Acropolis, and the *Poikile* or Painted Colonnade with its mythological and historical paintings. He converted the '*praeceps Anio*' into a Thessalian Peneus rushing on in a series of cataracts through an ideal Vale of Tempe. And that nothing might be wanting, we are told by the emperor's biographer, Spartian, that he made a representation of gloomy Tartarus. But eighteen centuries have done their relentless work. To-day Tivoli, the site of Tibur, is only a vast and bewildering ruin of fragmentary walls and broken columns; it is difficult, even impossible, to identify many of the buildings and localities; and the traveller who has come to visit these melancholy ruins has little else than his imagination, assisted by his knowledge of antiquity, to help him fill in the picture.

A little later, in the age of the Antonines, a Greek named Pausanias, a native of Chæronea in Bœotia—the scene centuries before of the battle by which Philip of Macedon wrested from the Greeks their liberty—travelled over Greece and wrote down all that interested him. His book, the *Description of Greece*, the forerunner of all the Baedekers and Murrays of our day, has fortunately survived intact and is one of the most important aids which the archæologist to-day possesses. In Pausanias's day the cities of Greece were still centres of a vigorous life and culture, even if Helios had forever set on their glorious past. Every temple was a museum of art, every spot was hallowed by some tradition or historic association. But the traveller to Greece to-day, like the traveller to Tivoli, looks in vain for most of the things which interested the Roman visitor for whom Pausanias

wrote. The historic sites of the once populous towns, the battle-fields, the awe-inspiring shrines with their picturesque ruins, still speak to him out of those far-off days of greatness. But it is with mournful feelings that he contemplates the fragments of the once matchless art of Greece, the magnificent temples whose columned walls are now overgrown with the ivy of fancy, and those relics of her sculpture that he may view in the warehouse-like arrangements of European museums.

On first arriving from the richer galleries of Rome and Naples the traveller feels a keen disappointment on viewing the fragmentary remnants of that sculpture in the museums of Athens or Delphi. Soon, however, the superiority of their pristine freshness and beauty over the copies and adaptations found in Italian museums is sure to impress and then to console him. One glance at the lovely marble Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia, at the graceful Charioteer in Delphi, or at the compelling sweetness of expression in the so-called Eubouleus head in Athens, will repay him for all the trouble and expense of continuing his journey eastward. What he has brought with him of appreciation of things beautiful will determine just how much he can reconstruct in his imagination. It will depend upon how much his mind is stored with the things of beauty and grace which made the Greeks unique and still make them the teachers of the modern world. For, unlike Italy or Spain, Greece offers little more to the visitor now than its rich classical lore and its beauties of nature. The one thing that has not changed in Greece in the lapse of centuries is its landscape, with its characteristic clearness of outline and beautiful effects of color. The now barren but nobly formed hills, the deep bays and the luminous atmosphere, still delight us as they did the Greeks in the days of Pericles. As the poet of *Childe Harold* puts it:—

“And yet how lovely is thy age of woe,
Land of lost gods, and godlike men art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee nature’s varied favorite now.”

And it is doubtful whether any country exists where the visual stimuli to the imagination are greater than here. A passage

descriptive of Greek scenery from Shairp's *Poetic Interpretation of Nature* will give an insight into the elements of its attraction:—

"Scenery so richly diversified, a land beyond all others various in features and elements, mountains with their bases plunged into the sea, valleys intersected by great rivers, rich plains and meadows inlaid between the hill-ranges, deeply indented shores, promontories, wood-clad or temple-crowned, looking out over the many-islanded Ægean; around it on every side seas so beautiful, above it a canopy of sky, changing through every hour and every season, and calling forth from sea and land every color which sunlight or gloom can elicit."

Achilles, in his quarrel with Agamemnon in the *Iliad*, reminds the king of men that he did not join the expedition against Troy out of enmity to the Trojans, since they never had harried his oxen nor wasted his harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of heroes,—

"For many a shadowy mount between us lies
And waters of the wide resounding sea."

Thus unconsciously the poet brings together in these words the predominant physical characteristics of Greece—her mountains and her seas, the most powerful geographical factors to mould her genius and story. Similarly, Wordsworth in his *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland*, dwells on the same spell of sea and mountain—the twin voices of liberty:—

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Nowhere else are these two voices more intimately combined than in Greece. Everywhere the land is divided into isolated districts by the hills which shut off valley from valley and clan from clan. Thus Greece was predestined to be a land of separate and independent communities, where local patriotism would thrive and where there was little opportunity to foster larger ideas of national unity. But if hills sever, seas unite, and the "island-studded seas" penetrate far into the land on all

sides of Greece but one, rendering these isolated areas accessible to the outer world and thus early arousing a commercial activity, which tended to temper their narrowness by the greater breadth of view so characteristic of seafaring folk.

From the first, then, Greece was the nursery of mariners, and her whole literature reflects her familiarity with the sea. The epithets and descriptions of the sea which we meet in all her poets, from Homer on, show how the endless variety of surface and color appealed to the Hellenic imagination. Thus the Greeks were a race of both mountaineers and sailors—Greek civilization owing an equal debt to each. A Greek might pass his lifetime out of sight of the sea, but he never could escape from a view of his mountains. For everywhere the land is a constant alternation of hill and vale. Everywhere the valleys are enclosed by amphitheatres of hills. These hills are often symmetrically grouped, a feature that strikes every visitor to the country. To use a phrase of Sir Charles Fellowes, they are "poetically beautiful". I think that no one has better expressed the poetry of their outlines and grouping than Professor Jebb, in his little book entitled *Modern Greece*:—

"But who shall describe the outlines of the Greek hills? The best thing that was ever said about them, to my thinking, was said by Thackeray. . . . He speaks of the Attic plain as surrounded by a 'chorus of hills'. It is an image full of truth. The forms of these hills are at once so bold and so chastened, the onward sweep of their ranges is at once so elastic and so calm, each member of every group is at once so individual and so fully helpful to the ethereal expressiveness of the rest, that the harmony of their undulations and the cadences in which they fall combine the charm of sculpture with the life and variety of a sunlit sea . . . irresistibly suggesting the Hellenic image of a choral sisterhood, marshalled by the greater master of the scene to chant a sublime antiphonal of praise and thanksgiving for the goodness of that wonderful land."

Everywhere these graceful hills bound the horizon, their jagged lines sharply defined against the clear, bright sky. They stand like walls enclosing green valleys, or against the glistening expanse of sea. Often they are seen in less favorable conditions under

the stress of storm, when the clouds reach down and cover their summits. But even then they are not ugly. Their gray sides take on lowering shadows—but often the storm is gone almost as quickly as it came; anon the murky clouds begin to lighten and then, as if a mighty curtain had been withdrawn, everything sparkles again in the sunlight, lit up in all the tints of violet.

In the presence of such surroundings I have often wondered at the doubts cast by Ruskin and others on the ability of the old Greeks—the race of all others most keenly endowed with the sensitive appreciation of the beautiful—to feel admiration for their scenery, since descriptions of nature occur only incidentally in their literature. By such writers a fundamental distinction between the ancient and modern feeling for natural scenery has been drawn and the principle laid down that the love of nature is a feeling of very modern growth, in fact a development of northern romanticism. But such a distinction has been far too sharply drawn. We must, of course, admit that the wilder and more savage scenes did not arouse any such romantic interest in the ancients as they do in us. Admiration for the grand and sublime and elemental as we feel it, for instance, in our sentimental attitude toward mountain scenery, for the beauties of sterile cliffs and crags and desolate snow-fields, hardly existed among either the Greeks or the Romans. This feeling, we know, is a peculiarly modern contribution to æsthetics and did not come to full fruition until the last century, after the way had been pointed out by Rousseau and Gray. But we cannot deny that the Greeks, all through their history, from the time of Homer, felt an intimate sympathy with and love for their scenery, although their ideal was certainly found in the quieter and more harmonious aspects of nature. This is shown by the wealth of romantic interest which haunted every spot in their tiny land. Such a “columned promontory” as that of Cape Sunium, visible to everyone approaching Athens by sea, or such a foliage-embowered retreat as that in which Ægina’s temple ruins stand, or the unrivalled beauty of situation of the temple of Phigalia now as in antiquity in the midst of a forest of venerable oaks—these chosen sites are not without significance. The picturesque situation of many shrines and theatres also makes it impossible not

to believe that the Greeks were actuated by a very well-developed sense of natural beauty, even if, as I have already said, definite proofs of such a feeling are largely wanting in their literature. As Sir Gilbert Murray has truly remarked:—

“They [the Greeks] did not describe forests or mountains; they worshipped them and built temples in them. Their love for nature was that of the mountaineer and seaman, who does not talk much about sea or mountain, but sickens and pines if he is taken away from them.”

Many of the Greek hills have an individuality in their coloring which is very striking. Especially are the hues of the Attic hills which embosom Athens familiar to every visitor: the dark shadowy blue of Pentelicus, the soft mellowed brown of Parnes, the purple-violet tints of Hymettus. The effect of the last-named mountain, which encloses Athens on the east, is beautiful beyond description, and especially so in the evening. As the sun sets, a rosy flush overspreads it, which, as the night comes on, passes insensibly into the deepest violet. This tint, peculiar to this mountain alone, constantly meets the gaze in the soft air which bathes the ruined temples on the Acropolis. Long ago it aroused the enthusiasm of Pindar in this famous passage: “O thou renowned Athens, shining, violet-crowned and glorious; thou pride of Greece!” For here everything combines with an exquisite harmony to give Athens a most beautiful setting—the bright blue sky, the proximity of the sapphire sea “laughing in waves innumerable”, as Æschylus describes it, and the hills with their changing tints. But above all it is the luminous or “glistening” atmosphere sung by Pindar, Euripides and Aristophanes, making everything distinct and bright. For not only poetically with Euripides in the *Medea*, but literally also, the Athenians were “forever delicately treading through most pellucid air”. It was Cicero who, in trying to find an explanation of the remarkable mental acuity of the Athenians, referred it to the clearness of their skies. They became so fond of hearing their city called “violet-crowned” and “glistening” as to arouse the ridicule of Aristophanes, who in the *Acharnians* said that a stranger who flattered them by calling them by the latter

epithet could get anything he wanted, thanks to his "glistening", by assigning to them the honor more rightly due to sardines. The effect of the sun "gleaming with flashing splendor"—as Sophocles terms it in the *Trachiniae*—through the luminous air, is, of course, unknown to us of more northern climes. In fact, the beauties of an Athenian sunset are unparalleled with us, and have been the subject of many an eulogy. Thus Dean Stanley wrote of "the flood of fire in which the marble columns, the mountains, and the sea are all bathed and penetrated", and of "the violet hue which Hymettus assumes in the evening sky, in contrast to the glowing furnace of the rock of Lycabettus and the rosy pyramid of Pentelicus". And the lines from the third canto of Byron's *Corsair* about the sun setting along Morea's hills "in one unclouded blaze of living light" are known to every English reader. In such a luminous atmosphere not only the hills of Attica, but all the hills of Greece, rest like clear-cut silhouettes against the sky, and everywhere form the most prominent feature in its varied landscape. Neither time nor the hand of man can ever destroy this eternal beauty of nature. For so much has the traveller to Greece to-day to reward him—his surroundings are the same as they were in the great days of antiquity.

But what of the actual conditions of travel in Greece to-day? We shall see that for the most part these are primitive in the extreme, and that aside from the larger towns it is very difficult to visit most of the historic sites. In the first place, there are very few railways in Greece, and these connect only the larger cities. Thus there is a line southward from Athens into the Peloponnesus by way of Megara and Corinth. At the latter town, situated near the western end of the Corinthian Canal and four or five miles from the ancient city, which is now in process of excavation, one branch runs westward to Patras at the western end of the Corinthian Gulf, the port of entry for passengers from Italy and the western Mediterranean, and thence southwestward to Olympia; another branch runs southward, passing the sites of Mycenæ and Tiryns on the way, and winds among the hills of Arcadia to the town of Tripolitza, situated in the neighborhood of three ancient sites. Another line runs from Athens *via* Kephissia to Laurion, near Cape Sunium at the southwestern

corner of Attica. Still another runs northward from Athens *via* Thebes to Larissa, the capital of Thessaly, passing very near Thermopylæ and Lamia on the way. From Larissa, since my latest visit to Greece, this line has been extended through the Vale of Tempe, connecting the Greek line with those of Central Europe *via* Saloniki, Nisch, and Belgrade. Until a very short time ago this link from Larissa to Saloniki had not been completed and Greece was to all intents and purposes an island and not a peninsula of Southern Europe, for the only way to approach it was by water. Now it is possible to journey by rail without change of cars all the way from Calais to Athens in fewer than seventy hours. Lovers of the romantic can hardly imagine such a realistic inroad into their fancy as the whistle of an engine awakening the echoes of the solitudes of Tempe and the fields of Pieria, the earliest home of European song. On the other hand, however, the practical advantages of the railway are great, and now this famous region, heretofore known only to scholars through literature, is easily accessible to every traveller. Still another railway runs from Volo, the modern port of Thessaly on the Pagasæan Gulf, so famed in the story of the Argonauts, to Larissa, and a further extension westward ends at Kalabaka, the picturesque village in the neighborhood of the monasteries of Meteora, which are perched like eagles' nests on the tops of pinnacles of rocks forming spurs to the great range of the Cambunians. A very short railway connects Mesolonghi, the town on the northwestern coast of the Corinthian Gulf where Byron died, with Agrinion, the capital of the province of Ætolia. This line, however, is not connected with the two main systems already described as radiating from Athens. Thus, despite the fact that all the larger modern cities—Patras, Corinth, Tripolitza, Athens, Piræus, Thebes, Volo—are situated on railways, many of the famous old sites which are still inhabited—Sparta, Epidaurus, Delphi, Marathon, etc.,—can be reached only by carriage or on foot. A few towns of importance can also be reached by boat—Argos, Nauplia, Corinth, Itea (for Delphi), Mesolonghi (for Agrinion), Patras—although the Greek coasting vessels cannot be recommended as yet for night travel.

Travelling in the interior of Greece is a very different matter

from what it is in Italy or Spain. Here it has never been exploited, as one soon learns if he essays to visit some far-away site or to climb some memory-haunted mountain. The physical conditions of travel—roads, modes of conveyance, food, night-quarters, in fact, all that makes it a delight elsewhere—are very primitive here. Greece is certainly no place for the tourist whose comfort depends upon the satisfaction of creature wants. At the end of a weary day's journey on foot or on an *allogo* or country horse—thus appropriately named because of his 'unreasonableness'—no appetizing *table d'hôte* awaits him, no vision of restful slumber between clean white sheets buoys up his drooping spirits. He is destined to satisfy his hunger either on what he may have brought with him, or to depend upon the truly Spartan fare which the village *magasi* or store may offer. Here there are no restaurants like the *trattorie* of Italian villages, nor comfortable inns like the *auberges* of French towns. About the only things procurable are eggs and cheese, gritty bread and goats' milk or resined wine. Often there are no eggs, and one has to be content with bread and olives and wine, although it is a long time before one can manage the acrid flavor of the latter, caused by the fact that it is preserved with resin. Sometimes a fowl or even a lamb can be obtained, but these occasions are rare, as the peasants seldom eat flesh. Greece, of course, is to-day, as in antiquity, a pastoral and not an agricultural country, and consequently has to import a large part of its food supplies. The Entente blockade at the time of the expulsion of King Constantine quickly brought the Greeks to terms, for their accumulated supplies soon ran out. In the small hamlets of the interior poverty is most apparent. When one enters the village there and calls for this or that, the answer generally is *θὲν ἔχει*—"there is none", whose iteration inspired one of my fellow-travellers to say facetiously that these two words should be the motto of modern Hellas.

If food is poor and hard to get, the arrangements for a night's lodging are still worse. Of course, in all the larger towns there are European hotels and in some of the smaller ones there are fair taverns (*ξενοδοχεῖα*). But, in the hamlets, there are rarely any public hostelryes, and one has to turn for hospitality to the house

of the village mayor, or to that of the physician or priest. The hospitality offered is not always a guarantee of tranquillity. Beds, for the most part, are a curiosity and one must sleep on the floor wrapped in blankets no strangers to vermin. In the ordinary inns one never takes a room, but only a bed, and the distinction very soon comes home to you, when you find during the night that a half-dozen or more weary travellers have come into the same room, where privacy is out of the question. In a villager's house one is likely to have to roll himself in a blanket in the midst of the family, or even of the animals, and next morning to make his toilet in the presence of many curious eyes. All such publicity and inconvenience could be endured if one could only peacefully sleep. But most of the night is spent in a ceaseless battle with the small though powerful enemy against whom there is hope of neither success nor redress. Even the god of sleep himself, with the balm of poppies and sleepy mandragora, could scarcely withstand such legions. One's first experience in a contest so unequal is never forgotten, although the struggle may be renewed each successive night. Whether the Greeks of old were annoyed as their descendants are, I do not know. Ancient literature contains many instances of sacrifices offered to certain of the gods to avert scourges of flies, a common plague of low-lying villages, but none, so far as I am aware, to propitiate their more evil cousins.

The corresponding pests of outdoor travel are the ferocious dogs which one meets everywhere in the country parts. A chorus of snarling yelps is the usual greeting received on entering a Greek village. I remember, on one occasion, being actually driven out of the hamlet of Kalpaki, on the site of ancient Orchomenos in Arcadia, by a pack of these dogs which made it impossible for me and my companions to dismount, and necessitated a further ride of a half-dozen miles in the early evening before we found a more hospitable reception. To frighten them off, it is generally sufficient to stoop as if to pick up stones. This method is mentioned in one of the *Idylls* of Theocritus as the one by which Heracles, when approaching the stables of Augeas, drove off a pack of yelping curs. It is so often employed nowadays that it is humorously said that no dog is ever

seen inside a Greek church, because of the terror inspired in them by the constant bowing of the congregation in the course of their devotions. If they cannot be frightened off in this way, one should follow the ancient example of Odysseus, who, when set upon by his swineherd's dogs, "craftily sat down upon the ground and threw away his weapons, until Eumæus with shouts and stones drove them off". I have successfully tried this method when beset in a lonely field. The dogs formed a circle around me, finally grew tired of barking, and left. Aristotle must have done some country walking, for in a passage in the *Rhetoric* he mentions that dogs never bite those who are seated. If one should run away from them it is not difficult to say what would happen, for these dogs are really savage and dangerous. I shall give only one example of their ferocity. Before my arrival in Old Corinth to take part in the American excavations there, a child of five years was killed and devoured one evening by a strange dog which had wandered into the enclosed yard of the house in which I lived. This is no isolated case.

These dogs are supposed to be descended from the old Molossian breed of Epirus, and look very much like a cross between a mastiff and a shepherd dog. They are of low intelligence, and, being rarely fed, forage for themselves. Consequently they generally appear as ravenous as wolves. The peasants never fondle them, nor is it well for a stranger to attempt to do so, even when they seem to be friendly. One is certain to be bitten if he tries to pat them. Of course, in the country parts they are of great assistance to the shepherds and goatherds in guarding their flocks of sheep and goats against robbers and wolves. Their masters seem pleased at the fear which they inspire in wayfarers, and if one is beset by them on coming unexpectedly into the neighborhood of a flock of sheep or goats, the herdsman will often unconcernedly lean on his staff and do nothing to call them off. It is dangerous to injure them, as it is certain to arouse the enmity of the owner. This was also true in antiquity, as the myth recounted of Hippocoön by Pausanias shows. Ceneus, the companion of Heracles, while visiting Sparta, killed a dog which attacked him, and in consequence the son of the owner Hippocoön beat him to death with clubs. A feud arose be-

tween the owner and Heracles, which ended in the death of the former together with his whole family. In antiquity we hear very little of dogs being treated as pets. In fact, the old Greeks must have regarded them in much the same way as their descendants do now,—as useful animals, but nothing more. The story in the *Odyssey* of the old dog Argo recognizing with friendliness his master Odysseus, who had returned home after an absence of twenty years, is almost unique in Greek literature.

To offset this account of the discomforts of travel in the interior of Greece, I should not forget to speak of the friendly hospitality of the ordinary village peasant, who will lavish his little all on the entertainment of a stranger. Sometimes, however, this unrestrained hospitality is carried to such an extreme that the results defeat the good intentions of the host. I well remember such an instance during one of my mountain excursions. Our party had reached the tiny village of Anavryti situated some twenty-five hundred feet up the lower slope of Mount Taygetus, the imposing mountain wall opposite Sparta, whose length of seventy miles encloses "hollow Lacedæmon" on its western side. Our approach at nightfall was heralded, as usual, by a pack of howling dogs. With difficulty we made our way through the village to the house of a Greek to whom we had a letter of introduction, which had been given us by the proprietor of the inn at Sparta where we had spent the preceding night. He kept a *magasi* and gave us a hearty welcome, proud to receive such distinguished guests. He assigned for our use a room over his store. As very few travellers ever reach this sequestered hamlet, our arrival was an event of importance. A crowd of men, women and children had followed us through the main street; and as soon as we were ensconced in our quarters, it seemed as if the entire town had heard of our arrival and were eager to see us. In fact, so many of the men—the women had discreetly remained below—came up to greet us that our host at last had to send for the village policeman to clear most of them out. For hours after supper we had no opportunity to go to bed, and so had to make the best of it by trying our bad Romaic on our guests. We naturally asked questions about the ancient glory

of Sparta, but, much to our surprise, very soon found that not one of them had ever heard of Leonidas. Finally, one man with great pride brought in his little son, who had gone to school in Sparta, and who could tell us about Spartan history. In fact, the boy quite put his elders to shame, although their manifest pride in their village scholar made them unmindful of their own defects. Such ignorance, however, is characteristic of the Greek peasant, who, I think, is far behind his Italian brother in that respect. After the novelty of our presence had worn off, our visitors became more at ease, and favored us with the usual diversion of song, the performers screwing up their faces in a most unaccountable manner, as if suffering great pain. After an hour of this new mode of torture, our lack of appreciation was happily interpreted as weariness, and soon the reception was over, the room was cleared, and we stretched ourselves out upon the floor to try to get some rest in preparation for the four-o'clock start up the mountain next morning.

Enough has been said about Greek travel to indicate that a journey into the more remote parts of the country must be one primarily of sentiment. One must see with the eye of imagination quite as much as with the eye of sense, or such a journey will have been in vain. He must be imbued with the magic spell of the story and the poetry of Hellas and feel with the poet that—

"Where'er we tread 't is haunted holy ground."

If we can transport ourselves in fancy to those "realms of gold", we shall soon find that there is romance in—

"Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold."

The value of travel as a means of culture has long been recognized—that it enlarges our views, deepens our sympathies, and enriches our minds. It is, in fact, a cultural equivalent of many a college course. Dr. Johnson said that "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona". Horace's well-known dictum that "those who cross the sea change their skies only and not their souls" is now recognized as barely a half-truth. To an ordinary vacuous tour-

ist, perhaps, the Mediterranean is only a large body of water; but its hosts of associations evoke a tumultuous throng of images in the mind of the scholar. But the traveller to Greece, like the traveller to Italy, must have had special preparation. He must feel the glory that fills the pages of Greek story, the romance and the beauty which the magic name of Hellas recalls. Then he will experience the fascination of the poor remnants of her art and literature as well as of the richness of her scenery still in its pristine loveliness. It is a truism that the praises of her mountains and glowing skies still form the imagery of our poets. Those incomparable names of artists and poets, of thinkers and scholars, of statesmen and generals, are household words with us yet. As we look back over a period of twenty-three centuries, we are moved with wonder at the immortal achievements of those mortal men, and are still willing to emulate even where destined to fail. In no field of her many-sided activity do we feel ourselves the debtors of Greece as in that of her architecture and sculpture, in which we are still her pupils. Even during the centuries of the Italian Renaissance, which saw the gradual rebirth of Greek ideals, we find but few names to set beside those of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Ictinus and Callicrates. These men in far-away Athens reached a perfection hardly again attained by Raphael and Michelangelo, by Giotto and Bramante. Deviations from their canons of taste were merely deviations from truth, for they were content with nothing short of perfection, and they seem to have reached it. The truism, that the sculptor, like the poet is born, and not made, receives nowhere such confirmation as in Greece; for Greek artists of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. were born with temperaments exquisitely sensitive to impressions of the beautiful.

This instinctive love of the beautiful seems to have been as old as the Greek race. In Homer, Thersites is described as being despised by his companions quite as much for his ugly, misshapen body, as for his reproaches of Agamemnon. Beauty stood next to holiness in the Platonic system, goodness and beauty being almost synonymous. Such an anomaly as the good though satyr-like Socrates only aroused wonder. Cicero records how a certain physiognomist named Zopyrus, who professed to

know the characters of men from their bodies and faces, characterized the philosopher as stupid, sensual and dull. Alexander of Aphrodisias adds that when his disciples ridiculed such a judgment Socrates replied that it was true, for such had been his character before the study of philosophy had softened it. To be called *καλὸς κ'ἀγαθός* was the highest encomium Greek could pay Greek, and fair in form was as much included in the term as fair in conduct. Everything with which the Greeks had to do, from their imposing temples down to the commonest utensils of the kitchen, had the stamp of the beautiful. This love of the beautiful, together with their inherent good taste, for their first rule in art as in morals was *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, made the Greeks excellent critics, and neither exaggeration, lack of symmetry nor vagueness in line or form could exist with them. I believe that this instinctive feeling was merely the reflection of their natural environment. Here there was no extreme of climate, and not one of nature's gifts—mountain, river, plain, or island—was out of harmony with the size of the country. The clear, transparent atmosphere, which I have already noted, revealing far-away hills and valleys in distinct outline, made the Greek love the clear-cut and definite—the chief characteristics of Greek art and letters. So nature was the teacher of the Greek artist, as Lysippus himself admitted, and also of the thinker. It has been said that if the entire written history of the Greeks were lost to us, if Homer and Plato and Phidias were but names to us, there stand even yet upon the Acropolis of their greatest city sufficient visible remains of their former greatness to give unerring testimony to their intellectual and cultural primacy. The Parthenon alone, even in its evening splendor, is an epitome of the race.

One of the chief charms of Greek travel should not be ignored, even in this hasty sketch—its oneness. The traveller whose attention has been constantly distracted by the multiplicity of interests afforded by Italian travel, where the later memories of the Papal states of the Middle Ages and the republics of the Renaissance obscure the older ones of the empire of the Caesars, finds in Greece but one great and absorbing interest, that of antiquity. Everywhere here he is face to face with ancient remains, which

furnish a living touch with an almost vanished past. All the physical features which we have mentioned illuminate his knowledge of Greek letters with a clearer light. As Cicero said, "*quocunque incedis, historia est*". This land,—

"Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around",—

to quote from Gray,—and where every plain and river and grove and fountain recall some classical legend, some poetic tale, or historic event, combines within it, as Dean Stanley has said, "a beauty and romance which is absolutely heaving with the life of ancient creeds and ideas, which are explained by it at every turn". The life of the present-day Greeks also lends its aid in no uncertain way in awakening memories of the greater past. The peasants one meets in wandering about the country constantly remind the classical scholar, by their language or manners, of ancient phrases and customs. Indeed, the tenacity with which old customs and beliefs have survived, notwithstanding the intervening centuries of foreign domination and admixture of alien blood, is astonishing. There is scarcely a canton of Greece to-day where the population has not been repeatedly driven out and replaced or even exterminated, and yet the old beliefs live on in the popular imagination.

We see this most clearly in the many religious survivals from antiquity in the guise of Christian adaptations. The first churches were built, of course, on the sites of temples, and very often the Christian saint to whom a chapel was dedicated inherited the attributes of the deity thus dispossessed. For example, St. Demetrios, the patron saint of agriculture, inherited the attributes of Demeter; Sts. Cosmo and Damiano, the mediæval patrons of medicine, those of Asclepius; St. Nicholas, to whom those in fear of shipwreck pray, those of Poseidon. The shrines of virgins and saints situated near caves and fountains recall the nymphs and the demigods who once protected such spots. And not only do some of the old gods and demigods thus live on in the popular fancy, but even actual traces of the old religion can still be found. Thus the dæmons exorcised by the priests at baptisms are a survival of Hellenistic Greek days

when "polydæmonism", or a belief in good and bad spirits, was rife. The Nereids still exist as water-fays—*νερό* being the modern word for water. Giant trees are still inhabited by guardians, surely a reminiscence of the old "Dryads", and no peasant will take shelter under them in a storm, or cut them down. When the Greek of to-day calls the thunder "Starry-axe", or says "God is raining", he is merely unconsciously expressing belief in the powers of Zeus, the old god of the heavens, just as he does in those of Poseidon, when, as on the island of Zante, he says earthquakes are caused by "God shaking his locks"—an idea as old as the first book of the *Iliad*, where the might of Zeus and his steel-blue locks is fittingly described. Not only do the shrines and attributes of some of the old deities survive, but many of the old festivals as well. The superstition of the "evil-eye", so common in Greece to-day, is an excellent illustration of the survival of old superstitions, as well as many curious practices observed at births, and marriages, and funerals. In the peasant dances on the village greens we see the germs of ancient ones. Such survivals are easier to understand when we reflect on the summary manner in which Christianity was finally established in the Eastern Roman Empire. In some of the remoter regions, however, the advent of the new religion was very slow. Thus we learn that the Mainotes of Laconia were still worshipping the old pantheon nearly five hundred years after Theodosius had proclaimed Christianity the state religion, becoming converted finally only in the reign of Basil, toward the end of the ninth century.

Travelling in Greece, then, means constantly treading the asphodel plains of antiquity, for the mediæval and modern interests count for but little in comparison with the older ones.

WALTER WOODBURN HYDE.

The University of Pennsylvania.

HALLOWE'EN—KILLARY BAY

It was at dusk he sailed away,
At dusk he said good-bye.
The water was a mirror
For mountains and for sky;
Between the hill-tops slipped a ray
Forgotten at the death of day.
The moon hid as he waved to me
And sailed away from Killary.

"Oh, I'll come back some day," said he,
"When twilight falls on Killary.
But let you keep your lamp alight,—
Your golden lamp that shines so bright,—
To guide me home from sea."
He sailed away into the night
And took my heart from me.

It was at dusk he sailed away—
At dusk he will come home,
For he'll be weary watching
The big waves capped with foam.
No sound there is to break my dreams
But little babbling songs of streams;—
No lamp but mine for him to see
As he sails home by Killary.

"Oh, I'll come back some night," said he,
"When stars look down on Killary."
And surely he will come one night.
The tears maybe have dimmed my sight,
But he will greet me joyfully—
He'll laugh to see my hair grown white
Since last he sailed from Killary.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

Dalriada, Blackrock, Ireland.

A SCHOOL OF THE PAST

It was as different from any school of to-day as a stage-coach is from a motor-cycle or a hand-loom from the machinery of an up-to-date cotton-mill, and yet there were once, no farther back than the eighties, enough of such schools to form a sort of type. In the interest of the history of education, and for the information of our school officials of the new day, should there not be some intimate record made of these old-time educators before the memory of them has died completely? Let me say, however, that this brief account is offered rather as a pious tribute than as a contribution of value to the history of education.

It may be that our school was unique. I am inclined to think that it was, for in our school one man was the whole school, except that a rabbi came three times a week to instruct a class in German. The one teacher taught geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Latin, Greek, French and Anglo-Saxon. Yes, Anglo-Saxon! The fact is that a number of pupils who went out from that school had studied Anglo-Saxon three years, beginning with Shute's *Manual*. In Latin and Greek the boy who went out had probably read some Livy and at least three plays of Æschylus. We all understood that you could not know English well without some knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and that Æschylus was the greatest poet of all time.

There was no text-book or special class in English grammar, no formal English lessons of any kind. English was taught on the fly, if I may say so without any thought of disparagement. It was taught either in our Latin—and every boy studied Latin—or, for the most highly favored ones, in our Anglo-Saxon, but especially by means of the compositions which every boy in the school had to write on alternate Fridays. These compositions covered thirty-five lines on foolscap paper. No fewer would be accepted, no more were encouraged. The correction of these compositions was the lesson in English in which the whole school participated. There were thirty of us, the fixed number, and about half of us wrote on one Friday and the other half the next Friday. It took time to get through with the correction

of fifteen compositions, but 'time was no object', and nothing was hurried. Your composition was drawn from the box and you went and stood by the teacher while he corrected and criticised and questioned. If there was a sentence of bad English in Whitehurst's composition, Reardon at his desk might be asked what was the matter with it, and if Reardon did not know perhaps Toy did. Or the question might be of some thought expressed. Many a time it would be like this: 'Jones, hear what Brown says; do you agree with him? No? Well, why not?' Sometimes there would be a general discussion, but always held to the point. One day, when the teacher was correcting my composition, I remember he told me that I had been reading Washington Irving, which was a fact. There was nothing in the subject to suggest this. It was simply the fact that I had temporarily caught some trick of style which he recognized. There was in the school a little fellow younger than any of the rest of us. There may have been some special reason for his admission; but he seemed out of place. His first composition contained the sentence: 'i went swiming one day last sumer'. The teacher, with full emphasis, read it out this way: 'Little i went swy-ming one day last soo-mer'. From that time the boy's nickname was 'Soomer'. Twenty years later I happened to meet this same boy and in talking over old times he said he believed this sentence had made him a good speller ever after. These composition readings, with the hand to hand, *viva voce* criticisms and discussions, were the outstanding event of the week, for we had no declamations.

There was no text-book or formal lesson in history, but no day passed without some discussion of ancient or contemporary history. Very frequently the first subject in the morning, while the after-breakfast pipe was lasting, would be a talk about some European matter in the morning paper. It might be a debate between Gladstone and Disraeli, or some attitude of Napoleon III. Outstanding names like Pericles, Aristides, Cæsar, Cicero, King Alfred, Charlemagne, William of Orange, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bismarck, Madison, and even Silas Wright, were household words, so to speak. Silas Wright was a great favorite. Outside of the political world the American whom

we heard most about was, I think, William B. Rogers, with whom our teacher had some acquaintance, and for whom he had great admiration.

There was no natural science teaching of any kind except in connection with the geography lesson. The truth must be confessed that our taste was not greatly encouraged in this direction. Even in mathematics we had no regular classes. You worked on in your arithmetic, algebra, and geometry very much as you pleased. When stumped and having appealed for help, you might be referred to Howell or to Taylor. Before the trouble was settled three or four other boys might be brought in. Of course, at times it might be necessary to appeal for a final settlement to the court of last resort, and then the decision would likely be made the basis of general instruction to the whole school.

In fact, there was practically no programme. If a class in Cæsar needed an hour it got it. If it could be through in twenty minutes, all right. You might be hauled up at any time as to your progress in algebra or geometry, and you were frequently turned back. Greek, Latin, French, geography, and for some of us, as I have said, Anglo-Saxon, were the only subjects for regular recitations, and these had no definite hours. We only knew that after the Latin classes were over we would have French. There was never any feeling of rushing through on time. If at three o'clock the last class in Greek had not been called—well, there was to-morrow!

We suffered, or enjoyed, as complete absence of machinery and system as was possible with the amount of work that had to be done. Most of us were expecting to go to college. Was the preparatory work done? Our session was ten months and in four years we read at least twice as much Latin and Greek as any high school reads to-day, and certainly with as much care for correctness. There was as much ground covered in mathematics, and with, I think, more review and supplementary drill than any school gives to-day. A boy going up to the university—with us it was Virginia—would probably enter the senior class in any of the languages, and in mathematics the intermediate, which came between senior and junior. He would certainly be ready for the junior. If he was a clever boy, with

ambition, his aim was to take the M.A. degree, which would require four, five, or six years, according to the boy and his preparation. He scorned B.A. For his M.A. he had to graduate in nine so-called 'schools', and he could enter these 'schools' in any order and in any class for which he seemed prepared. The three classes were junior, intermediate, and senior, and if in any 'school' there was a class lower than junior, it was a 'prep.' class. Any boy of brains going up from a school like ours was expected to enter the senior class in any of the languages which he might have studied.

From what I have said about entering a senior class let no one imagine that an M.A. at the university, or, in fact, in any of the colleges modelled after the university, was an easy matter. In my humble opinion there has never been any degree harder to get than the M.A. at the University of Virginia under its old régime. There were peculiar reasons for this. There were no 'classes' in the modern meaning. Each 'school' being a law unto itself, some professors prided themselves on 'flunking' as many as possible, and there were sometimes many victims. I knew a fellow who took intermediate mathematics four years before he finally passed, although he had gone handsomely through the examinations of several senior subjects. Moreover, I think there is no doubt whatever about the fact that examination papers were marked with much more strictness in all of our colleges in those days than they are to-day. The examinations were certainly, as a rule, much longer. A final examination in the 'school' of Latin, for example, might last three days: a day for Latin into English, a day for English into Latin, and a day for metres.

But to return to our school. The digression on the ways of the university was simply to show that schools like ours had to do good work if the men they sent up were to make a creditable showing. Let me now say a word about our school building. We sat at home-made, much-whittled desks arranged around the four walls. Down the centre of the room ran halfway a long bench without back, where we recited. In front of this bench was the teacher's desk, no better than ours. We had a black-board, but no other equipment, and this teacher of ours, for

some unknown reason, had a prejudice against using boxed crayons. He always bought chalk in bulk and used the lumps. When I compare the splendid high-school buildings of to-day, beautiful in structure and lavishly equipped, our old bare school-house seems almost an insult to education. You would have to go to-day to some little country school-house twelve miles from a railroad to match it, and there the whole neighborhood would be complaining, and planning for a new building. I am almost ashamed to say that we were entirely satisfied with ours.

There was a fine touch of moral training in the school. Of course, the relation between the teacher and the pupils was closer and more intimate than one would be likely to find anywhere to-day. As an illustration of our free, good-natured talk, I recall an amusing incident. There were seven in our Livy class. A boy named Rogers always sat at the lower end. The regular way had been to begin at the other end, but on this day the teacher called on Rogers first. Rogers looked at him with an injured expression and said: "I appeal to you, Sir, and to the class if this is fair; because we have established a custom". There was a good laugh, but no relenting, and poor Rogers had a bad time. This easy relation, which stopped full short of lack of respect, naturally followed from the fact of the one teacher with his limited number housed day after day in the single room. As was pointed out in speaking of the composition work, so in other classes, when any question arose, there might be much of conversation and free discussion among us all. These talks gave frequent opportunity for bringing in moral questions. Lying and cheating, including the use of 'ponies', were habits held up for special detestation. But there were two days in each session which no boy could well forget. On these two days there was a preliminary ritual which always told us what was coming. The windows had outside blinds and some of us were bidden to close these and to lock the door. I do not think that any of us ever questioned why all this should be done. Perhaps the thought was that the atmosphere of seclusion added solemnity to the occasion. At any rate, the talk was solemn enough in its dealings with the pitfalls and mysteries of life. As I have said, no boy could easily forget these straight talks.

And this brings before me the Man himself. I think we came as near the realization of the saying about Mark Hopkins and the log as it has ever been the fortune of a set of young fellows to experience. The Man explained it. He was a remarkable combination of a scholar, a teacher, and an independent thinker. He had a rubber stamp for his books with a Greek legend from Socrates which said: "As for me, I think for myself". He used to tell us that the mind God had given us might not be the best in the world, but it was the one that was given, and it was meant to be used. Knowing him in later years, I could understand how lonely he must have been in that small community. He had practically no intellectual companionship. A few evenings ago, while I was reading the *Life of Liddell*, of Greek lexicon fame, the thought of my old teacher's loneliness came back to me. Liddell was rejoicing at the completion of an Icelandic dictionary. I remember distinctly the joy of our teacher at getting a copy of this same book. Who was there around him in our whole community that cared a snap about the language of Iceland? He was a great lover of the northern literature, and I remember how he would speak of the superiority of the gods of northern mythology over those of Greece and Rome. But his great learning must have been in Latin and Greek. He could really read these languages, as I came to know in later years, and I suspect that the number of those who can, even among teachers, is not legion. He and Thomas Davidson were the two with whom I have happened to be acquainted. French he knew thoroughly and spoke readily. In our town there had been, years before, a considerable French settlement, and remnants still existed. The first time I ever heard a foreign language spoken out of class was when I listened with wonder while our teacher conversed in French with an old French lady who had come to enter her son. One of his sayings was that French prose was the clearest of all, but as to French poetry, "there is no such thing", he said, "it is all rhetoric". One day he read us a passage from Racine, saying: "The French think that is poetry, but it isn't; it is declamation—very fine declamation".

If he had a fault as a guiding influence on young minds it lay in making sweeping statements; but it must be said that he

generally gave us illustrations and reasons, and was always willing for us to question any opinion. There may have been another fault, as we choose to take it. There was never any direct appeal to the useful side of learning and knowing. So far as we were concerned, Greek was a good in itself. The utilitarian spirit did not exist. Nothing, as I recall, was ever said about getting on in the world. He had not himself got on far in the world, by the measurement of honors and wealth. I remember his telling me some years after I had left him that he had once come within one vote of being elected to a professorship of Latin, and he seemed to take pride in adding that it was without making any application. His whole working life was spent in this school.

Is there anything to-day like this sort of teaching and school management? Perhaps most of us would say, happily not. Yet with all our system and rigid programmes, with all our handsome buildings and ample equipment, are we not missing something that was the very life of this little school? Perhaps we may call it the free play of personality and individuality. Would it not be well for us to have, and can we not have, more of this nowadays in spite of the extension of system which larger schools and greater numbers have made necessary? Are we not making so much effort for standardization and assimilation that we are in danger of losing individuality and variety, which are the spice of education as well as of life? Two suggestions, which are perhaps at bottom one, the present writer would venture to make: First, give the teacher, high and low, more freedom. Expect results, but let them come in the teacher's way. Let us have less of centralized authority. Let the teacher be encouraged to be herself, or himself, not the mouthpiece or echo of a superintendent or a system. Second, let us go back to the idea that the teacher is a far more important person than any president, principal, or superintendent. Let us go back to the idea that officials exist not to be bosses, but to be servants, whose business it is to prepare the way for the real business of education—which is teaching.

JAMES H. DILLARD.

Charlottesville, Virginia.

OF AUTUMN

Autumn in our zone is unique among the seasons. It is at once the happiest and the saddest time of the year—the “season of mists and mellow fruitfulness”, and the season of “the melancholy days”. It is a dual season, and yet a unity. The other seasons are not so.

I

When we think of winter, it is of driving snow and pitiless cold, of ugly inertness and death.

“Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limebeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbes he able was to weld.”

The poets do not love winter. If their thoughts of it touch beauty at all, it is the beauty of placid moments when all the earth lies, like a Sorracte, white-shining with deep snow. If they conceive of happiness, it is not the happiness of external nature, but the good-cheer of men and women enjoying shelter and fire, or the delight of boys and girls at play in the keen air, or the contentment of beasts in fold or stall. Happiness of nature there is none. Winter is the cruel season, the season without pity, the tragic season, and December is the tragic month:—

“Last of all the shrunk December,
Cowled for age, in ashes gray;
Fading like a fading ember,—
Last of all the shrunk December.
Him regarding, men remember
Life and joy must pass away.”

The poets do not love winter. If they praise it, it is only when happy escape from its cruelties is uppermost in fancy;

when thoughts of the joy of challenge and resistance and the exaltation of victory set imagination aglow.

"Then let the icy North wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold
As gaily as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again."

II

Our thoughts of spring are almost as simple and consistent.

"May the jocund cometh after,
Month of all the Loves (and mine);
Month of mock and cuckoo laughter,—
May the jocund cometh after.
Beaks are gay on roof and rafter;
Luckless lovers peak and pine."

At mention of spring the mind is filled straightway with imaginings of sunshine and showers, of plantings and sowings, of rising sap and swelling bud and opening blossom, of love and mating, of the joyous upward thrust of life. Sweet lovers love the spring.

"For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time."

Everywhere, "on the seas, on mountain and in rushing stream, in the leafy habitations of the birds and in the fields of growing green",—

"The season pricketh every gentle herte,
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte."

The dædal earth of Lucretius "puts forth her flowers, the waves of ocean laugh, the placid heavens are golden with diffused light. The fecundating west wind is unbarred, the winged creatures in air are smitten with desire, the wild animals leap with joy on the glad feeding-ground." In England—

"Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze."

In pastoral lands—

“The guardians of the woolly sheep
Stretched on the grass sweet concert keep
Of flutes with varied trills,
And charm the god who haunts the groves
The god who tends the flocks, and loves
Arcadia's purple hills.”

Yet, “unruly blasts wait on the tender spring”. Spring is not a wholly amiable season, unless it be to those themselves in the spring of life. Spring is not reposeful; it is above all the season of restlessness and movement. It is the masculine season, the young Hercules of the seasons, crude, rough, violent—

“When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.”

It is the youth of the year, and it has the faults of youth:—

“Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.”

Spring is impatient, heedless, boisterous, importunate, presumptuous, eager. It bursts the seed and cleaves the soil and crumbles the wall and fires the blood. It is fickle. It laughs and weeps, it frolics and sulks, it smiles and rages, in the same day, in the same hour. It is like youth, and we love it and forgive it as we love and forgive youth, because of its beauty and its promises.

III

“June the next, with roses scented,
Languid from a slumber-spell;
June in shade of leafage tented;—
June the next, with roses scented.
Now her Itys, still lamented,
Sings the mournful Philomel.”

The name of summer is enveloped in flowers and heat. It recalls the scent of rose and clover blossom, the aroma of drying hay, the wholesome perfume of rain-soaked earth and growing plant. It fills the imagination with color and richness; with

glistening verdure waxing luxuriant under a golden sun, with flowers in field and hedge, with berries flaming in the foliage of bush and vine, with mown acres and skimming swallows and drowsy bees, with waves of heat rising at noonday over fields of yellowing grain, with patient cattle standing in shady pools. It revives to the sense cricket and locust etching the deep, hot silences of late July.

Summer is the constant season. It is no longer the season of beginnings and promise; it is already the season of first fruits. It is the ardent season, the season of the love that no longer deceives. Spring is masculine, and youthful; summer is feminine, a ripened woman. If any days are perfect, the days of summer are perfect days:—

“Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.”

IV

But behold autumn, most blessed of the seasons,—

“Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year.”

The days of promise fulfilled are at hand. Under skies turbulent no more with the impetuous moods of spring, nor glowing with the heat of summer, the apple-bearing autumn of Horace lifts from the fields her head beautiful with mellow fruits, or with golden plenty pours from full horn into the lap of Italy. In the lands of the vine, she sets off with bright color the dark-green cluster looking out from among the leaves. At her persuasion the grape pours forth its liquor. Autumn brings the vintage:—

“Laden deep with fruity cluster,
Then September, ripe and hale;
Bees about his basket fluster,
Laden deep with fruity cluster.
Skies have now a softer lustre;
Barns resound to flap of flail.”

With the vintage and such light labor come gladness and merriment. The joy of autumn, however, is not the intoxication of mirth. It is the deeper satisfaction of peace and plenty. Granary

and bin are filled. Basket and crate are warm with the color and rich with the perfume of ripened fruits. We never tire of autumn's praises:—

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core."

Like summer, autumn is feminine. She is the summer grown to full perfection. She is not a lover; she is a friend, a benefactress, a mother, a deity. Her embrace is infinitely calm and pure. She is of all the seasons the one most at peace with herself:—

"There is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been."

Poet and sculptor of the ancient day when nature appeared to man in human form delighted to give autumn the ample lines and benevolent mien of a nobly beautiful woman. She was a matron glorified, a mother goddess, a Roman Ceres, a Greek Demeter; such as Theocritus saw her at the harvest-feast in Cos, when "once upon a time went Eucritus and he, and for a third Amyntas, from the town to the Haleis", the day he met with Lycidas:—

"All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while we brushed
From the cask's head the crust of four long years . . .
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home.
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again
Plant my broad van: while she stands by and smiles,
Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm."

For autumn to take on divine form, and to be adored, was in the way of nature. Our Pilgrim ancestors, setting in autumn the Festival of Thanks for the increase of their little fields, were moved by the same impulse that reared the altar to Demeter and Ceres. To think of the blessings of the autumn season as be-

stowed by the providence of the One God the Father may be more in accord with reason or theological fashion; but it is hardly so beautiful as to feel their source in the loving-kindness of a divine woman.

Autumn is a dual season. She has another aspect. The garnered stores, the bare fields, the leafless trees, all declare the season of decay, to be followed by the season of death.

Above all, in the latter day, when suns are low and the light more sombre, when the first frost has dropped the leaves to earth and "the chill year drives the birds beyond the sea to sunny lands", when skies are thick and gray and the cold rains begin, when—

"Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow,"—

then is autumn indeed the saddest of the seasons. Its image lives in the mind as that of no other season:—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

Yet autumn is not of two separate and diverse characters. It is a unity. The suggestion of melancholy is always at hand in autumn. When the fruits are still mellowing on the trees, when the tents of corn are still pitched in the fields, before the russet-yellows and scarlets and red-browns have spread their carpet in the wood, before "November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh", autumn is already the season of sadness and solemnity. From the first linked-long-drawn-out chant of the locust in the soft nights of summer, melancholy enters upon her reign. She waxes as the weeks go by. In the midst of the year's abundance, in the midst of calm and repose in field and forest, there is felt on every hand the presence of the Great Enemy—or the Great Friend. Fulfilment is always solemn; fruition is less joyous than promise. The journey's end finds the pilgrim more sober

than its progress. The ending of growth is the beginning of decay. Our ancestors-in-the-spirit about the Mediterranean were in keeping with nature when long ago they placed in autumn the Day of the Dead their northern children know as All Souls'. The ways of autumn suggest death, as those of spring suggest life. Autumn is melancholy.

But autumn is none the less the happiest season, the season of melancholy indeed, but of divinest melancholy.

"Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!"

The essence of the matter is that autumn is a harmony, a blending in perfection of happiness and sadness. Her gayety is tempered to soberness by the solemn witness everywhere of work completed and death at hand. Her sadness is tempered to acquiescence by the suggestion on every hand of fulfilment accomplished and repose assured. At no other time is nature's invitation to rest so gentle and so consoling. Autumn is the season neither of joy nor of sadness: she is the season of blessedness.

All the seasons are rich. Autumn only, so deeply of the spirit is her harmony, is most golden. The temperate year is a rich diversity of rich seasons. Fortunate, more than fortunate, did they know their own blessings, they who receive year after year the rich gift of God!—

"Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our northern clime
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round been ours!"

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

The University of Wisconsin.

SOME LATIN INSCRIPTIONS

It has been my fate to travel through the thirty-five volumes of the *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions on several occasions. I have always been following the trail of some solemn subject, like the Roman conception of the state after death or the organization of trade guilds, and have tried to keep my eyes fixed on the path marked out before me. But it has been almost impossible not to catch a glimpse out of the corner of my eye of something amusing, pathetic, or eccentric by the wayside. The journey toward the appointed goal is long enough at the best, but if one is tempted to follow up a bypath every little while, progress becomes unconscionably slow, and I have always reached the end of the road in the thirty-fifth volume with the tantalizing feeling that I have gone blindly past a great many of the serious things which I set out to find, and at the same time that I have missed a great many diverting matters which would have enlivened the long journey. It is my firm belief that matter weighty and matter entertaining should be kept apart and properly labelled, so as to preserve the peace of mind of the reader, and I look forward to the day when the editors of the *Corpus*, and perhaps of other books, will observe this elementary principle of efficiency.

This spring it fell to my lot again to go through the *Corpus*, but this time I made up my mind to surrender myself to the pleasures of the journey, not to keep my eyes fixed too unswervingly on the real object before me, but to stop and look at anything which seemed diverting. A few of the things which caught my attention are set down here. They are only haphazard jottings by the wayside. They establish no thesis; they lead to no conclusions, and they are not unduly instructive. They do not even lend themselves to a logical, consecutive treatment. At the most they are "documents of human interest", and perhaps those who have a full and large interest in life in all its simplicity and naïveté may find something in them.

The plain Roman citizen showed little of that reserve—or ought I say, hypocrisy?—with which we Anglo-Saxons cloak

our real feelings. He was willing to let the passer-by learn from his tombstone some of the intimate facts of his life, and something about his relation to members of his family. This willingness to reveal himself sometimes led him to be unconsciously humorous or pathetic, and it is a few of these bits which have been set down here. It is true that the Roman had a great many stereotyped adjectives and formulas to express his emotions in which the real man does not speak, but now and then he breaks through these conventions, and gives us a glimpse of his true self. These are the things that interest us.

The writer of a Roman epitaph wanted to have it read. This is the reason why he put the tombstone by the highway. This is the reason why the first words of an inscription are often a challenge to the wayfarer to stop, or a wish that he may have a pleasant journey if he will read the inscription through. Perhaps it was the same desire to engage the attention of the passer-by that led the composer of an epitaph now and then to add some unusual incident from the life-history of the deceased. Or was it simply that the natural tendency to tell others of an interesting episode finds expression on these tombstones? We of the present day, with our bald record of a name and the dates of birth and death, are sinning against human nature. The genealogist or the antiquary may prize those items, but no one else will care for them. Our grandfathers showed none of that churlish unwillingness to share their life-history with those who came after them, as one may see on strolling through the graveyards at Plymouth, or Nantucket, or New Haven.

From one of these communicative Roman tombstones we learn that Secundus Octavius escaped safely, although only half-clad, from a burning building, but that when he went back for some of his property he was killed by a falling wall, and that his relatives were more grieved at his death than at the loss of their property. On another we read that the deceased, although a gladiator, reached the Biblical age of threescore and ten. Another tells us that Attia Ampliata met her death at the hands of poisoners. One epitaph, of a repentant slave boy, may be worth giving in full:—

"Vitalis, the slave and son of Gaius Lavius Faustus, and born in his house, lies here. He lived to be sixteen years of age. He was a clerk in the Aprian shop, liked by everybody, but was taken by the gods. Ye who pass by—if I have ever given short measure, so as to profit my father thereby, I pray you to pardon me. I beg you by the gods above and below to honor my father and mother. Fare ye well."

The proud fellow-citizens of Valerius Pudens at Histonium record the fact that he was crowned poet-laureate at Rome when twelve years of age. A certain Justinus puts on his father's stone: "If I had received fuller control of my patrimony, dear father, I should have honored you with a larger monument"; and the parents of a sixteen-year-old boy grieve that "he lived to see his father in his mayoral robes only on the day of his inauguration".

It always pleases me in turning over the pages of the English *Who's Who*, to find, among the important items set down under the name of each eminent writer or statesman, a record of his favorite recreation. In a similar way, since I have a weakness for detective stories myself, it touched a sympathetic chord in me to read in the newspapers that Mr. Balfour gave himself up to the charms of that *genre* of literature on the steamer, when he crossed to this country at the head of the British Commission. Why should n't these interests, which have counted so largely in our lives, find a place in the record on our tombstones? This is what Vitalis thought when he wrote:—

"While I was still Vitalis and had the vital spark, I built my own monument, and I read my verses upon it, as I pass by. Armed with a license I have scoured the country on foot. With dogs I have hunted hare and even wolves. Then I have quaffed draughts of wine right gladly. The many things which a youth does I have done, because I am going to die."

As a disciple of Izaak Walton I can sympathize with the pleasure which Quintus Marius, as he tells us in his epitaph, felt in spearing fish, while I deplore his method of taking them. The sentiment of good-fellowship between the living and the dead, which is woefully lacking in us, finds frequent expression

on the Roman monuments. On a great rock near a little village in Latium the traveller may see to-day the epitaph of a mayor, in which he leaves the proceeds of a large estate to purchase cakes and wine on his birthday for all the citizens, aliens, married women, and boys in his native town. This is only one of many such inscriptions. It was a pretty custom, too, to provide for the Feast of Roses each year at one's tomb, and to make one's last resting-place a pleasant spot for family and friends to come on holidays. Of course the parvenu took advantage of the opportunity of perpetuating his name by leaving bequests for banquets, games, gladiatorial shows, and public improvements in his native town, but we may overlook his motives in view of the pleasure which he gave to his fellow-townsmen and we will not begrudge him the statue set up in his honor by the local Common Council, since he usually paid for it himself.

As we have already noticed, the Romans were much addicted to the use of conventional adjectives and to formulas in their epitaphs. Two such adjectives, "dearest" and "sweetest" (*carissimus* and *dulcissimus*), occur again and again, and such formulas as "May the earth rest lightly upon her!" are so frequent that the Roman took the trouble to set down only the initial letters. Sometimes a relative or a friend who composed the inscription took a couplet from one of the great Latin poets, but more frequently he would seem to have walked along the highway, and to have copied from some stone a sentiment which appealed to him. This is evidently what a fond husband did for his wife in a certain instance. In the graceful verses on the stone which he chose for his model the deceased was characterized as a woman "of tender age". His strict regard for the truth, however, led him to change this phrase, without doing violence to the metre, to the more exact expression, "of middle age". Some scholars have thought that stone-cutters had little handbooks containing appropriate verses, from which the bereaved husband or wife chose a fitting epitaph. However that may be, we do find stones without dates or names, and this fact makes it look as if stone-cutters had wares ready for hurry orders. One little inscription which has come down to us without names can hardly be of this sort. The lack of characteristic forms in

English for the genders makes it impossible to translate it. It reads: "*amica amico carissimo*". The story of the romance behind it has gone forever. Bearing in mind the desire which we have noticed to interest the passer-by, it is not strange that puns, plays upon words, acrostics, and other literary tricks calculated to arrest the attention, made a strong appeal to the untutored taste of the average Roman.

The use of conventional phrases to describe the departed, or to express the affection or the grief of those who are left behind, naturally makes it impossible in many instances to suppose that a particular epitaph gives us a true picture of the family relations in a given case, but the very crystallization of sentiment, to which so many of these inscriptions bear witness, points to the acceptance of an ideal for the family, and for the relations of husband and wife, of brother and sister. The ideal of womanhood stands out very clearly. Nowhere is it more simply set forth than in the famous inscription of an unknown Claudia: "Charming in discourse, of gentle mien; she kept the house, she carded the wool. I have finished. Go your way!" One husband says of his wife: "She lived eighteen years with me and never did discord arise between us", and this sentiment is echoed in many inscriptions. It may not be significant that women do not often praise their husbands for their complaisant conduct, although a Gallic woman, Magia Chrysia, sets up a stone "To my revered and most devoted husband, who never said a harsh word to me and never wronged me or anyone else". Many of the stones testify to strong friendships. One of the most interesting of these is a memorial at Hadrumetum in Africa, bearing the names of twenty-three friends of a certain Terentius Aquila who have set it up "in memory of his even-handed justice toward the many and his characteristic sense of honor toward his neighbor" (*ob parem in universos æquitatem et proprium in singulos honorem*), a testimonial of which any man might be proud.

The Roman did not forget his four-footed friends, and the tenderness of his feeling toward his dog and his horse which several of the metrical epitaphs reveal, shows a side of his character of which we should scarcely have suspected him. The epi-

taph may be in memory of a Gallic dog, little Pearl, "who lay in the lap of her master or mistress", or of Patrick, "who licked with eager tongue the platter which my hands held out to you", or of Myia, "who would bark savagely if another lay on the floor by his mistress' side", for all the world like Matthew Arnold's "jealous Jock, the chiel from Skye".

Of course, we find a multitude of facts about the lives and occupations of the tradesmen and the artisans who lie beneath the stones. Of the hundreds of professions mentioned let me speak of one only, and of that, for personal reasons, the teaching of Greek and Latin. Many men who followed this calling record the fact on their monuments. Evidently in those golden days the lives of the teachers of Latin and Greek were not harassed, and their days shortened, by the advocates of a Modern School, because on the stone of one of them at Cordova we read: "Sacred to the shades of the departed. Domitius Isquilinus, a teacher of Greek, 101 years old, lies buried here. May the earth rest lightly upon him!" As a professional teacher of Latin, I set down with some reluctance a pathetic inscription from Rome. The epitaph reads:—

"To Dalmatius, his very dear son, a boy of remarkable talent and learning, whose unhappy father was not permitted to enjoy his companionship for even seven full years, for, after studying Greek without an instructor, he took up Latin in addition, and in three days' time he was snatched from this world. Dalmatius, his father, set up this stone."

Other inscriptions than epitaphs record the struggles of the Roman boy with the Latin language. As one walks along the streets of Pompeii, he sees scratched on the stucco walls of the houses, with painstaking care and just at the height which an urchin could reach, A B C D and sometimes from a more venturesome hand, A X B V C T, while on one wall stand the immortal words A R M A V I R V M Q V E. Sad to say, some of the alphabets are not given in the proper order, and one dreads to surmise what may have happened the next day at school if the incorrect order was repeated under the eye of Orbilius of the rods. But the small boy on his way from school

did not use his stylus for the sole purpose of preparing his lessons for the morrow or of displaying his learning. Some of us who were familiar with the Roman forum many years ago may have noticed the gaming-boards scratched at comfortable points on the floors of several basilicas. I made copies of many of these twenty-five years ago, but when, fifteen years later, I looked for them again I found that they had been worn off by the shuffling feet of the heedless tourist. They furnished mute testimony of one way in which the Roman gamin probably spent part of his time between school hours.

Perhaps it was a schoolboy also who scratched R O M A on the wall, and beneath it drew the head and bust of a stern-visaged woman with a large nose and strong mouth—the only amateur likeness of the Goddess Rome which I know.

The *graffiti*, or scratched inscriptions, are a source of great delight to the frivolous epigraphist, because they show us the diversions of the common people, and record their spontaneous effusions. There are many of them in Egypt, the Mecca of the Roman tourist, on the pyramids, and nearly forty have been found on the statue of Memnon at Karnak. This statue was said to give forth a musical sound when struck by the rays of the rising sun. Romans, Greeks, and Phœnicians came from far and near to hear the marvellous note. Their testimony is explicit, and we cannot doubt the truth of their statements. One of the sightseers, for instance, writes: "In the seventh year of the Emperor Cæsar Nerva Trajan Augustus Germanicus Dacicus, Gaius Vibius Maximus, prefect of Egypt, heard Memnon on February 14, once at nine, and once at nine-thirty in the morning". It is noticeable that most of the cases mentioned occur in February or March, and between the first and third hour of the day. Perhaps some wind prevailing at that hour and season blowing through the statue would account for the phenomenon. Through the irony of fate, the pious restoration of the statue by one of the emperors put an end to the miracle.

The pyramids at Gizeh and the royal sepulchres at Karnak have suffered at the hands of these ancient tourists. One of these has scratched on a tomb at Karnak: "I, Januarius, chief centurion, accompanied by my daughter, Januarina, have seen

and marvelled at the place", while at Philæ another writes: "I, Lucius Trebonius Oricula, was here".

Of course, the hastily scratched and painted inscription lent itself readily to the shopkeeper, the innkeeper, the candidate for political office, and the manager of gladiatorial shows, in advertising their wares. An innkeeper at Lyons, Septumanus by name, writes: "Here Mercury promises gain, Apollo health, Septumanus entertainment and dinner. The man who comes here will enjoy life better afterwards. Stranger, beware where you stay". A wine shop at Pompeii advertises in verse "a drink for one cent, a better drink for two cents, and a mug of Falernian wine for four cents". Painted notices of rooms and shops to rent greet the visitor, as he walks up the streets of Pompeii, with a startling sense of modernity. One of them tells us that in the gardens of Julia Felix there are for rent for a period of five years "a bath fit for Venus, and shops for the four hundred", and that "if anyone wants to rent them, he is to come and see us". No wonder that an ancient wayfarer pitied the burden which one of the walls carried, and expressed his pity in an inscription found beneath the list of notices.

All of these ephemeral inscriptions were intended to catch the public eye. In striking contrast to them is a little group scratched with a stylus on sheets of lead, and buried in all secrecy, and with proper incantations, in the graves of the dead. The process was simple. One wrote on the tablet the name of the horse which he hoped would lose in the coming races, or the name of his or her enemy, consecrated it to the gods below, and surrounded it with the proper cabalistic signs. One of these, found in Africa, reads: "To thee I pray, who dost rule in the realms below; to thee I commend Julia Faustilla. Carry her away quickly. Keep her among those in the realms beneath". These tablets were much in vogue among jealous maidens, and were believed to be effective in ridding one of a dangerous rival.

Apart from the cursing tablets of which we have just now been speaking, all the other ephemeral inscriptions bring ancient life into close relations with those of the present day, but there is one inscription, this time on a tombstone, which, to the casual eye, at least, links the modern world directly with the ancient,

and with this inscription I will bring my rambling paper to an end. On the tombstone of a certain Cranius Emilius, found in a village in northern Africa, one sees the letters *D. M. S.*, the initials of the well-known pagan dedication "to the shades of the dead" (*Dis Manibus Suis*). On the same stone appear the cross and the crescent. Perhaps the crescent may be connected with the cult of Astarte or Mên, and possibly some scholar has discovered a more correct but more prosaic interpretation of these three symbols, but I have avoided investigating the matter for fear of being disillusioned. I prefer to see in them the three emblems of Paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, and to find epitomized on the monument of Emilius the whole history of northern Africa, at first under the protecting care of Jupiter, then accepting the teaching of the Gospels, to pass in our day under the control of the Koran.

FRANK FROST ABBOTT.

Princeton University.

MY KITCHEN

Once more the kitchen gleams immaculate,
The floor clean-scrubbed, and every blue-rimmed plate
And shining glass safe in its cupboard space,
The silver pot in its accustomed place;
The kettle on the stove hums softly on,
The clock ticks patiently, my work is done;
And still I turn to look at it once more,
And see the sunshine splashing on the floor
Through windows framed in red geraniums,
And feel the little breeze that softly comes
To stir the curtains hanging whitely there,
And am content because it is so fair.

EDITH HORTON.

Ithaca, New York.

KATHARSIS IN LITERATURE AND IN LIFE

Aristotle's definition of tragedy is in the main a literary characterization, but in its close it enters a different field. In Butcher's rendering (somewhat abbreviated), tragedy, according to Aristotle, is—

“an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with . . . artistic ornament . . . ; in the form of action, not of narration; *through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions.*”

Here, in the familiar katharsis passage, is an attribute that under the guise of definition transcends the limits of a purely literary judgment. It is not merely æsthetics, but psychology as well; it deals with the emotional reaction which tragedy evokes and the effect arising therefrom. Brief as the passage is, it suggests a wholly new criterion for the evaluation of the drama of tragedy.

The passage is significant for several reasons: here is no tentative formula, no promulgation of theory; the language is rather that of one enunciating a truth, a fully matured conclusion; and in its broad principle it has met with pretty general acceptance. Criticism has concerned itself chiefly, not with denial, but with explanation and elucidation. Finally, it is the first formal statement in professional criticism which recognizes the indissoluble tie that binds literature to life.

Behind it lies—what? Presumably the same paradox and the same enigma which ‘good’ literature—and especially tragedy—constantly presents to us of to-day. All the evil passions that escaped Pandora's box find gentle asylum here. The stories of Clytemnestra, Œdipus, Phædra, Medea, all within the purview of Aristotle, and of Macbeth, Othello, and Lear show it an omnium-gatherum of suggestions and images we would fain shun for our own sakes and our children's, but here spread out upon the board in delectable feast. What is the saving quality which literary art has introduced? What justification is there for

this dressing up of the repulsive or the immoral in the garb of decency and beauty? To these queries Aristotle would answer *katharsis*—that quality in the action which through the pity and the fear excited by the tragic representation effects the proper purgation of these emotions of real life in the spectator.

But in spite of all that has been written in acclaim or in interpretation, Aristotle's doctrine of *katharsis* has found a place in no "dull catalogue of common things". It is still of the schools;—yet, although for its subtlety as for its significance it is ingrained matter of scholarship, it illustrates a law of literature and of life that concerns all men intimately.

I

Even in so brief a statement Aristotle has shown both the essential quality of this function in tragedy and the means by which it acts. A tragic drama, he implies, arouses in us emotions of pity and fear—of its very nature. Since the drama, however, is not life, but an imitation of life, these emotions are not real life, but of the theatre—"æsthetic emotions",—and it is through these that the corresponding emotions of real life undergo purgation. So much, without violence to the text, by way of interpretative paraphrase. But the doctrine naturally demands further elucidation, and the crux of the problem, as the critics have found it, has lain in questions as to the precise nature of this purgation and the means to its attainment. A recent and illuminating study of these problems occurs in a paper by Professor Fairchild in the *Classical Journal* of October, 1916. He points out the successive steps in causality with careful elaboration. In parallelism to Aristotle, he shows how, in the performance of a tragedy, the emotions of pity and fear excited in sympathy with the tragic hero gradually lead us to identify ourselves with him—"In the moment of our joy we become that character"—and how, in this experience, "we pass out of and beyond the pity—especially self-pity—and fear (apprehension about success) that is touching our own lives". That is, the morbid, self-centred elements of these emotions have been purged away and the emotions themselves thus purified. This is *katharsis*. In all this Fairchild is in accord with the best traditions in inter-

pretation. His particular virtue lies in the precision and the clarity of his analysis.

This interpretation, however, is only contributory to his main thesis. That has a special interest because in the analysis it takes us one step further than Aristotle to consider the cause from which spring the pity and fear of his definition. It is, in purpose and in essence, an attack upon the doctrine of katharsis—

“as a statement or description of that inner experience through which, in part, as Aristotle implies, we come to know what we know of the nature of tragedy”. For that, “we are more dependent upon a positive and constructive activity than upon the negative process which Aristotle calls katharsis, or purgation”.

The heart of Fairchild's theory lies in the fact that since failure is a relative term, “tragedy as a form of failure can have no meaning except as it implies conceivable success”. Beside the failing Hamlet, the mind unconsciously and instinctively sets up an image of an ideal, successful Hamlet, and in the contrast first apprehends the fact of his failure; then, out of this understanding that he is failing when he might be succeeding, it undergoes the experience of pity and fear from which the rest of the action resulting in katharsis develops as has already been indicated. The *sine qua non* of every step in the process is this unconscious and instinctive setting up in our minds of a standard, a norm—prerequisite to our apprehension of the failure that is the tragedy, and hence prerequisite to all experience of katharsis: a “positive and constructive activity” to which katharsis is “negative”, “secondary”, a “by-product”, an “afterthought”.

Of this subconscious constructive activity, Santayana by chance gives an interesting description:—

“In Hamlet our incoherent souls see their own image; in him romantic potentiality and romantic failure wears each its own feature. In him we see the gifts most congenial and appealing to us reduced to a pathetic impotence.”

This brings the constructive activity comfortably within familiar experience. And Fairchild's thesis of its more positive

function in the process by which we come to understand the nature of tragedy is unassailable in its essential features. But all this has to do only with the manner and order of appearances. It is mere analysis, and accordingly suffers from the limitations of a narrowed field of investigation. It wholly overlooks the significant question of the independent worth of katharsis as a product—even if a by-product—of the drama of tragedy.

Of the light in which Aristotle regarded this principle, the brevity of his mention—a single participial phrase—is no just criterion. There are two evidences of this: the *Poetics* are regarded as mere “Notes”—Aristotle’s or some pupil’s. As such they would naturally be only jottings, sufficient for amplification at need. Again, there are indications, according to Professor Lane Cooper, that in the *Poetics* Aristotle is considering “not merely traditional and popular notions of drama and epic, but theories of contemporary scholars as well”. It is, therefore, conceivable that the doctrine of katharsis may already have attained some currency, so that simple allusion to its character and function was sufficient. Of more positive value, however, is Aristotle’s very language. In structure his statement not only accords in most particulars with the modern theory of tragedy, but on the emotional side here under discussion, it accords with its most exacting standards. It is a commonplace that the success of a play resides in its power to ‘move’. In Professor Baker’s phrase, “A play exists to create emotional response in an audience”. Naturally, however, the kind and degree of success which a given play will attain are conditioned by the kind and degree of emotional response it shall arouse. The gamut runs all the way from musical comedy up through melodrama and high comedy—not merely in the familiar types but in individual plays—to the most commanding tragedy, which represents life in its most poignant aspects and induces the profoundest emotions. It is this highest form alone that came into Aristotle’s consideration; and—whether through a just instinct like that of Æschylus, who “did what was right in his art without knowing why”, or of set purpose—in his summary of the elements of tragedy the katharsis passage ‘caps his climax’. It is the last in his series of attributes; it carries the only men-

tion of the emotions given, and it mentions them under the circumstances which betoken the highest emotional response—when the sympathies have been so stirred that the katharsis of pity and fear has resulted.

One point still needs clarifying: it is not instantly clear that the emotions of pity and fear equally need purification. Fear, in the form of apprehension regarding one's fortunes of one kind or another, is a disintegrating force that manifestly needs purgation; but pity, too, although as an altruistic emotion instinctively thought a virtue, is almost always tinged with selfishness. In the pity that rushes to expression after a great disaster, like the sinking of the *Titanic*, there commonly hides a comfortable satisfaction in the thought of one's own safety and that of one's friends. Perhaps it is not putting it too strongly to say that even a feeling of gratitude for personal escape, however seldom openly admitted, is the underlying feeling, although not necessarily a part of consciousness. The instinctive prayer of thankfulness that God has preserved *us* in some cataclysm that has engulfed others is an authentic illustration. "Providentially we lost that train" or "were born in a Christian land" are familiar sentiments not unknown to expression. Of such self-centred feeling, self-pity is only an extreme, perhaps a hybrid example. In the quality of its activity it is still a form of "pity"; but in it, the normal, honoring emotion is abused, perverted, debased by the egoistic twist given to it. It is of this egoistic quality, then, that these emotions are purged, and great tragedy, through its power to induce temporary self-forgetfulness, accomplishes that by restoring them to their proper altruistic functions.

Out of all this, then, we gather that to Aristotle the essence of the doctrine of katharsis was that a purification of the emotions of pity and fear as experienced in real life results from a tragic representation, and that the katharsis is the justification of all that enters into its production—perhaps even the touchstone of the highest excellence. To a similar conclusion, too, points our own experience that great tragedy is not merely great art directed to the æsthetic sense only, but that together with its education of taste there goes hand in hand an unconscious education of the very nature of the man; that the katharsis of

pity and fear—in a single tragedy, and still more as experience widens—becomes a *vera causa* to effectuate, in the degree and scope of the purification, a change in the man himself,—in his mental, moral, and spiritual attitudes. These are the well-known permanent values resulting from intimacy with that artistic type which we call tragedy; and they reënforce the conclusion that, in spite of the fact that “katharsis cannot be produced unless the ‘constructive activity’ works” (Fairchild), it is, both in the strength of the emotional appeal of which it is the highest evidence, and in its own educative value, far the more important of the two,—as the product is more important than the machinery that produces it; for such a product is a by-product that has come to usurp chief place. The playwright seeks, the audience gives, “emotional response”; but in great art, the playwright sometimes unwittingly gives and the spectator unconsciously gains—first, temporary forgetfulness of disturbing emotions, refreshment; then the educated taste and attachments and sympathies that pass on into character, an unearned increment of attainment for the playwright, and for the spectator a gain of vital worth.

II

At this point Aristotle's description of tragedy leaves something to be desired. This significant change in spectator or reader who has come into some intimate knowledge of the literature of tragedy is not dependent upon the excitation of the two emotions of pity and fear exclusively. Such an explanation is too simple. It fails to regard the complexity of mental and spiritual states which undergo purification through the influence of great tragedy, hence proposes a cause that is ill-proportioned to these large effects. Pity and fear are indeed the emotions most naturally stirred by a tragic exhibition,—and are admittedly very broad terms. In the form of pity for self and fear for self (to refer to Fairchild's interpretation) they may include other emotions commonly thought of as constituting each a genus by itself. All the differing phrases and degrees of discouragement, irritability, envy, antipathy, anxiety may find their origin in one, or the other, or both. But although such an explanation is psychologically sound, it seems one of the curiosities of analysis

rather than, in the present instance, a working fact. It would be too much of a refinement to suppose that Aristotle had any such classification in mind; and self-pity, too, is hardly accordant with the Greek temper. It is probable that Aristotle dealt with these emotions quite simply, noting that they are excited and undergo purgation in the enactment of a tragedy. Fairchild attributes a homœopathic quality to Aristotle's thought: the pity and fear of real life purged by the æsthetic emotions of pity and fear in the theatre; and concludes that the "homœopathic treatment of *ἐνθουσιασμός* (spiritual emotionalism) by a kind of wild, restless music", as "was familiar with the Greeks", was "evidently the immediate source of suggestion to Aristotle for this part of his theory of tragedy". There may possibly have been a contributing influence here, but more than that can hardly be maintained. Aristotle's choice of pity and fear is plainly deliberate, since they are the emotions preëminently appropriate to tragedy. But the doctrine, however explained, is inadequate; for sometimes even in the plays with which Aristotle dealt, the stirring of pity and fear is only contributory to the main effect. The abiding force lies in appeal to emotions of wholly different character, yet the quality of that force is plainly one of katharsis. That is, not merely through pity and fear, but even more through these other emotions which such dramas excite are egoistic feelings banished and altruistic influences that tend to permanency implanted. The *Persæ* of Æschylus, with its theme of the overthrow of Persia at Salamis is a pæan of patriotic fervor. It is a contemporary narrative, the only tragedy among those we have which derives its subject not from heroic myth but from current history. The glory of the triumph won by Greece is shown reflected in the desolation of woe at the court of Susa:—

"For now the land of Asia mourneth sore,
Left desolate of men.

'T was Xerxes led them forth, woe! woe!
'T was Xerxes lost them all, woe! woe!

"For Ares, he whose might
Was in our ships' array,
Giving victory to our foes,

Has in Ionians, yea,
 Ionians, found his match,
 And from the dark sea's plain,
 And that ill-omened shore,
 Has a full harvest reaped."

In the *Hippolytos*, the ultimate virtue of the play lies in the filial piety and purity of heart of the hero. To make that the lasting impression of his portrait is the central purpose of the drama. Phædra, victim of a malignant fate, and Theseus ("By superhuman craft was he deceived") in the sympathy they excite are still but foils to set forth the nobility of Hippolytos. When Theseus flings Phædra's base charge in his face, the keynote to his character is given in his passionate outburst of denial:—

"Oh! This is nigh to tears and cuts my heart,
 That I seem base to thee, and thou believest it!"—

and every letter of it is echoed later in the words of others. Of the very texture of the *Antigone* is the supremacy of divine law; but it is focussed in the calm certitude of Antigone's answer to Creon. To his question whether she had dared disobey his edict forbidding the burial of Polyneikes, dead in war against his fatherland, she replies:—

"Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
 Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below,
 Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
 Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
 That thou, a mortal man, should'st overpass
 The unwritten laws of God that know not change.
 They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
 But live forever, nor can man assign
 When first they sprang to being."

In all these dramas the appeal by pity and fear is present in high degree; but the katharsis lies still more in the enlargement that attends these other emotions.

Aristotle's doctrine of katharsis is thus psychologically sound, and, although much condensed, is an accurate statement, so far as it goes, of what actually occurs in tragedy, to which alone he applied it. Even there, however, as has appeared, he needlessly limits the emotional field of its action—and beyond tragedy there is nothing. He is said to have intended to amplify this

"Note" into a complete discussion, but doubtless the same reasons which prevented that prevented also his even raising the question whether this katharsis, whose function he found so important in tragedy, might not appear in its characteristic activity in other fields as well. A little consideration will show that this must be the case; that tragedy is merely the special instance under the general law. The essence of katharsis lies in the freedom it brings from disturbing emotions of whatever kind, and in the accruing returns of æsthetic and spiritual elevation and enlargement that attend its frequent experience. In tragedy this is attained through the æsthetic emotions which the enactment of the drama evokes; but it by no means follows that katharsis, the purification of emotions, can be produced only under the circumstances of the tragic drama. It occurs in other literature as well. Its origin and its process are somewhat different when the emotions are not of the 'tragic' type, but that often occurs in tragedy itself,—as witness the Greek dramas cited above. Its difference from the katharsis of Aristotle's statement is not the difference of a new genus, but of new and varying species under the same genus. The pleasurable excitement which comes from the high imaginative sweep of the lyrics of the *Prometheus Unbound*, or, at the other extreme,—

"the manifold

Delights a little net of words may hold"—

in the single phrase of some sonnet is also an "emotional response" which, although different from those evoked by great tragedy, yet leads to the same sloughing off of morbid, egoistic feeling and the thrill of æsthetic satisfaction that in its turn helps to bring refreshment to body and mind. The novel builds itself on self-forgetfulness as almost "the one thing needful". Unless a novel can induce that, by absorbing us in the life it portrays, it is a failure; but if it is successful in this, we lead our lives vicariously in the lives of all its characters, through all its pages, and have gained both the pleasure we sought and, unwittingly, the inner renewing which is katharsis. It is so in all literature. Whatever elicits this "pleasurable excitement" carries similar constructive values in its train; and although the enjoyment itself becomes a faded memory, the benefit thus in-

directly gained enters into our very being. Fairchild's "constructive activity" is present or absent according to the nature of the subject-matter. In epic, narrative poem, short story, novel, all drama—wherever sympathy in another's fortunes is a leading motive—the constructive activity has its functions precisely as in tragedy; but in lyrics, such as the spring song from *Pippa Passes*, or *Crossing the Bar*, where the mood is subjective, the machinery is simpler. In these the elevation of feeling comes not through emotions of disturbing character, as commonly in tragedy, but through those of beauty, pure joy of living, faith, or through others appropriate to such lyric treatment; and in them the ideal that in the failing tragic hero is seen in imagination only is bodied forth with the poet's highest art, his central theme, an instrument of katharsis to take man out of himself by presenting new goals of attainment.

But if katharsis extends its influence beyond the domain of tragedy to all literature from which man derives æsthetic enjoyment, manifestly it is not limited even to that. If in literature it accompanies artistic expression, one might expect to find it in the other fine arts;—and these arts, too, are seen to exercise a similarly unconscious beneficent influence beyond the high enjoyment they provide. Music is more than a concord of sweet sounds, as *Shakéspeare* pointedly reminds us:—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

Of architecture, sculpture, and painting, similar things may be said. To bring up a child in a city of noble sculpture is to add to him something of the dignity of his surroundings. A noble sculpture, like the Victory of Pæonius at Olympia, once seen, becomes a 'presence' never to be forgotten; even more so the paintings which in such manifold examples for us phrase beauty. The glory that was Greece—in no small degree born of the arts—in large part explains Sophocles; the grandeur that was Rome, Vergil.

In the fine arts, then, katharsis arises under the æsthetic emotions as they are normally excited. But these are not any part of katharsis itself—they are merely the means to its manifestation; and it is not necessary to assume that they are the only means, or that this activity is of a single type. In its appearance in literature—even in tragedy alone—it bears the ear-marks not of a special activity peculiar to the field of æsthetics or any part of it, but rather of a special instance of a general activity. The katharsis of Aristotle's discovery, now seen to be exemplified also in the arts, is not to be considered an exception to the habit of psychological law, a unique product. Rather is it a normal example of that law in the limited field of tragedy and under the conditions there prevailing. In tragedy, one form of behavior; in other circumstances, varying forms; all, however, showing clearly the close relation existing between emotions and the general mental, or spiritual, or even bodily states. So far as these processes are a part of consciousness, they do not concern us. To give way to anger is bad; to express sympathy is good. But the doctrine of Aristotle, the point of departure in this discussion, deals with a subconscious alteration of mood from worse to better. Since, however, as critics agree, this subconscious change is due to a throwing-off of morbid emotions, or of morbid elements in emotions, that fact, which names with essential exactitude what actually happens, is the vital thing, rather than the device of æsthetic emotion, which in the case observed was the unconscious machinery of accomplishment.

Such an emotional reaction, however—an exaltation of mind and spirit with escape from the morbid, the self-conscious—is one of the most familiar effects which Nature works upon her votaries. It is what one looks for from life in the open. It has been implicit or explicit in the work of poets who have written of nature from the days of Homer until now. It is the wholly adequate logic behind the *Return to Nature* and the *Simple Life*. But all this deals chiefly with the more or less superficial effects, which he who runs may read. Wordsworth delved more deeply, for hidden meanings—and with correspondingly large results. Of these, in the lines—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"—

we get more than a hint. And a passage of the *Prelude*, his apostrophe to the Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe, in explicit phrase that allies his thought closely to Aristotle's, describes a purification through the influence of nature as "coming to the passions that build up the human soul":—

" . . . From my first dawn
Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up the human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

The significant fact for us at the moment is, not that there is such a purification—that is a mere commonplace—but that such purification, springing from the works of God, not of man, is only another instance of the all-comprehending law that *whatever* eradicates morbidity, self-consciousness, egoistic feeling of any type, produces a katharsis that is cousin-german to the tragic katharsis of Aristotle. So, in the score or more of lines that open the *Endymion*, Keats recognizes the feeling for beauty in nature as an active, permanent force, not merely to summon up anew images of delight, but to effect the changes of mood which alter habit for the better and become seeds of character-growth. So also in the nature passages of *Childe Harold*, in Keats's *Autumn* and *Ode to a Nightingale*, in Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, *The Cloud*, *To Night*, there is something more than æsthetic pleasure,—a deeper passion which, even if not expressly stated, is of the very essence of the poet's meaning. In nature, as in art, the appeal is through the medium of beauty; and nature and art come very near each other in Hawthorne's story, *The Great Stone Face*. Here Nature, in one of her grander aspects, is thought of as exercising upon the heart and life of a boy an unconscious benign influence similar in general feature to that which proceeds from the fine arts.

Thus far, katharsis as seen in some of its effects—in tragedy, first, then in other literature (including the drama), in the fine arts, and in nature. Nature, however, is a broadly inclusive term. It includes man himself, all that he thinks and feels, all that he does, all that he experiences singly and as a member of a group, of all groups. There is no moment of man's life which is not charged with a possible katharsis. It may appear in the momentary thrill some experience induces. It is not the thrill itself; it is the after-effect, all that in memory that comes to mean. There may, indeed, be no initial thrill—only a sense that all is well; but memory lingers over it and cherishes it; or it descends into the subconscious, somehow there to attach itself to the very roots of our being, and later to come again to the surface of the conscious and repeat the original satisfaction, happiness, impulse. Katharsis, too, is in the bloom on the peach, the fragrance of the rose, the sudden glint of water in a darkening twilight. It is not these things, but it is their pleasurable residue that memory stores away and that becomes a part of us, rendering us more alive to the beauty of old gardens and of new, to the glories of sky and earth and water. Out of it Wordsworth wrote the sonnets beginning—

and "Earth has not anything to show more fair",
 "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free".

Out of it, too, springs the sentiment that Japan feels for Fuji:—

FUJI IN LIGHTNING

"When
In a flash of lightning
I beheld Thee
I had no more fear
Of thunder and the dark."

THE GREAT WAVE

"In rage
The great wave
Shows a thousand white claws,
But our boat knows no harm
In the rim of thy gaze, O Fuji."

It enters also into even more humble circumstance to become a valued memory. In a recent Yale-Harvard football game,

the thrill that went through the great crowd at Harvard's magnificent holding when forced back to within a foot and a half of the goal was not katharsis; but all that in memory that has come to mean, for players and spectators alike, was. Even for the Yale team, which there lost the game, there was, in spite of their disappointment, a recognition of the perfect functioning that those tense moments showed and that for them heightened resolve. In an international tennis match, through some unconscious inadvertence the referee gave to the Englishman a point which the latter knew he did not deserve; and when the next two balls he served went into the net, the gallery understood and have not forgotten.

But the part katharsis plays in our lives is not always thus adventitious. We plan for it. The "by-product", grown familiar to experience, becomes the main object of pursuit. In *Walking Tours* Stevenson says:—

"He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's report."

So in William Beebe's *Jungle Peace*:—

"If one looks the Jungle straight in the face, and transcribes what he has seen, there is evolved technical science", but if one can ever "feel worthy, now and then, of stealing quietly up a side aisle of the great green wonderland, and . . . softening facts with quiet meditation, leaven science with thoughts of the sheer joy of existence", he will "return to science enriched and with enthusiasm."

In the intimate problems of daily life, katharsis plays its part. Instinctively we seek to secure conditions of living in which these unseen forces will work with us, not against us, in our pursuit of happiness. The question of habitation, necessity aside, is one of 'favoring' surroundings; that of a school for our children is largely one of their companionship, hence of the subtle unconscious influences that will surround them. *Treasure Island* is a better type of book for a boy than it would be if a man who was not sound at the core had written it. The whole gamut of experi-

ence is and always has been beset with questions the answers to which men have unwittingly given according to the dictates of this law, which they knew in practice but not in philosophy. At the other end of the scale it may give rise to the noblest self-dedications, the loftiest sentiments. It is in the poppies of Flanders fields—and in the quiet staying power of love and home and friends, and of religious faith. More broadly it is in the stand of Belgium against Germany, in the drive of our men at Château-Thierry, and in treaties that are not scraps of paper.

To fail to find this activity exercising its salutary but quiet function wherever conditions permit,—that would be to deny that most of our education, our whole life through, comes by indirection, through the unconscious forces educating us whether we will or no. The law which Aristotle discovered is the law of those forces in special instance; it is the scholar's application to a theme of scholarship of a universal law which touches man's life in numberless subconscious ways; in origin, a homely truth that played its beneficent part in the lives of men long before Aristotle gave a name to it in the special field of his observation. When the cave-man, through a primitive altruistic impulse, first performed some act of self-sacrifice, he set free within himself a secret, purifying influence from which in the process of time modern humanitarianism has sprung. But that is only one aspect of its activity. It is seen in all the finer instincts of civilization itself.

The bearing of all this on the problems of modern life is direct and immediate. This force, thus active, quietly, in the lives of men, is susceptible of no small measure of control. Man's instinctive reliance upon it in the field of his personal life has already been touched upon; a conscious use of it there will broaden and enhance its power. In the case of the group, conditions are different in that others than oneself are under consideration, and the problems of group psychology are added. Specifically, the problem is how to utilize the subconscious forces in the group to the end of producing a katharsis. This, in new phrasing, is more than half the problem of all education. We meet it in the public school system, in methods of Americanization, and in the contemporary theatre. In the first two the desired

change in subconscious feeling is secured only when loyalty to school and country respectively has become a deeply-rooted and abiding sentiment. To accomplish that is more than a problem of courses of study in the former, or the teaching of English and trade in the latter; but once envisaged in its relation to this law of the subconscious mind, it becomes concrete both in its essential nature, and in the methods applicable to its solution. In the theatre the problem is naturally weightiest in connection with the cheaper shows,—motion pictures, vaudeville, musical comedy,—but in the regular drama also it is pressing. Each of these types is susceptible of being used with conscious purpose to produce an emotional residuum, be it great or small, that will educate in right ways and not in wrong. Theoretically, the problem takes on a sharper definition under the light afforded by this law of subconscious activity, but practically it is complicated by the conflict between the commercial interest and the artistic. What appears as ideally desirable is not therefore easy of attainment. Yet here, too, instinct guides wisely. The deepest good in the theatre of to-day inheres in the unconscious power of katharsis which it shows. And this is but the repetition of history. Ancient Greek drama had no ideal of katharsis; but in an after-generation Aristotle found it there—and in that, as we can now see, unwittingly found greatness there. What Emerson said of Michael Angelo and St. Peter's—

"He builded better than he knew :
The conscious stone to beauty grew",—

is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides: and it is true also of the best of to-day. But the purposeful effort to utilize in the drama this deep in-lying force of the human spirit will produce results measurably greater than can follow its mere adventitious activity. In the epigram, "I care not who makes the laws of the people so I may make its songs", we find an analogue which points both the ideal and the way to its attainment.

ATHERTON NOYES.

Harvard University.

HOW SOLOMON WAS WISE

No man who ever lived has held among so many races and such varied stages of civilization so general a repute for wisdom as the son of David and Bathsheba. If ever the familiar canon of assurance regarding what has been held everywhere, always and by all, may be adduced to preclude argument it must justify our belief in Solomon's wisdom. Oriental fancy loved to play around his "glory", as with that of Al Raschid, and attributed to him wealth such as only jinns from their supernatural treasures might supply. He becomes the fountainhead of proverbial philosophy, a poet compelling his harp to most diverse excellences in idyllic dialogues of loves and hymns of exalted praise. He is also the ideal *kadi*, a dispenser of justice marvellous in the shrewdness with which he smilingly untangles the knots of oriental legalistic casuistry. The flights of Arabian and Persian fancy in the full efflorescence of the Solomon saga have been laboriously traced by Dr. Salzberger and entertainingly followed by Dr. Mardrus.¹ Yet what was, in fact, the basis of this renown? What did Solomon really do to entitle him to undying remembrance even among those who realize that in much of what is told of his power, his glory and his wealth the wish has been father to the thought, an illusion of a consoling racial dream?

Solomon guided the fortunes of Israel for forty years of such peace and accumulation of the evidences of wealth as that people had never seen. He devised more ways of gathering precious things and exploited these ways more resourcefully than any other Hebrew ruler. He expended his wealth and the labor of his people more lavishly than any other both for courtly display and for monumental works, doubly impressive to less happily circumstanced succeeding generations. To the politicians and economists among these, if such there were, Solomon may well have seemed to have overshot the mark or overstrained the bow in taxation and levies, for his death found his

¹G. Salzberger: *Die Salomo Saga in der semitischen Litteratur*, Berlin, 1907; J. Mardrus: *Salomo et la reine de Saba*, Paris, 1918.

own people ripe for division and his vassals for rebellion. He had been the shrewd and diplomatically pacific exploiter of a situation which international conditions had enabled his father's valor and political insight to create, but his own policies had so far undermined that situation during forty years of peace that at his death his realm had lost much of what had made its splendor possible and was, in its divided estate, about to shrink within the boundaries that had confined it under King Saul. If, however, on its political and material side the wisdom of Solomon had been that of an oriental profiteering prince, he had used his unique position to evoke spiritual forces essential to national cohesion. This, since it made his reign cardinal in the history of a race in which the ethical potential was greatest, still vindicates for Solomon a preëminent title to wisdom.

The domain of united Israel, "from Dan to Beersheba", as David received it from Saul, was an agricultural and pastoral principedom of some six thousand square miles, more often arid than fertile, poor in metals, without important manufactures or general economic significance. But in the north and at the southwest it was crossed by trade routes of primary importance and it lay close to other caravan tracks which for centuries had been prizes of conquest, Egyptian and Assyrian. Now, however, just at the opening of the tenth pre-Christian century, both these powers were in a period of decline or relaxation, so that there was room among the minor intervening peoples for readjustments, and even opportunity for unobtrusive expansion. David was the man for such an occasion. Having shrewdly selected for his almost impregnable capital a city foreign in tradition to both parts of now united Israel and thus apt to provoke the jealousy of neither, he had put an enduring check on the aggressions of the Cretan Philistines to the west, had subjected the Edomites to the south, chastised marauding Moabites and Ammonites to the east, gaining rich and needed grain lands thereby, and had made his power felt in Aramæan states to the north as far as the Abana, putting 'garrisons' in Damascene territory, although apparently never ruling in or beyond Damascus.

All David's domain was, however, not under equal or uncontested control. Even within the traditional boundaries of

Israel, a few miles north of Gennesareth, his rebellious son Absalom found a 'king' and a refuge unchallenged for three years. Later this same restless prince is discovered conspiring at leisure at Hebron, only twenty miles from Jerusalem. With one neighbor only had David peace all his days,—Tyre, the great trading state of the Zidonians, goal or source of the larger part of the traffic through Palestine, whose people dwelt proverbially "quiet and secure", shrewd traders, good customers, un-aggressive, yet able to resent aggression.

The control of caravan routes, the power to take toll for their protection and to get profit from the sale of supplies and the trade incident to this, had formed time out of mind a regular, often the chief and most dependable, source of revenue for most Syrian and Arabian princes. David was able to pass to his son control of essential parts of the chief highways of trade from the Nile to the Tigris, with Syria and Phœnicia on the way, as well as from Arabia, with its spiceries and incense, to Damascus, Tyre, Gaza, and so to the whole Mediterranean, whose waters from end to end were already ploughed with "ships of Tarshish", while David's people had no harbors of importance save those acquired by his Edomite conquests toward the Red Sea, which the Tyrian king was presently to help Solomon to use to their great mutual profit, if indeed he was not first to comprehend their international value and importance.

From time immemorial the main trade routes in and near Palestine had remained unchanged. The Midianite merchants, Joseph's brethren and the Ishmaelites on their way from Gilead to Egypt were following an already familiar track westward through the valley of Jezreel until they should reach an even more frequented road from Babylon and the Euphrates, through what was to be Palmyra, to Damascus, Tyre, Gaza and Egypt. Between Syria and Egypt there is evidence of extensive traffic since at least five hundred years before David's time. A witness to the importance of it is to be seen in the fierce struggles of the Philistines to hold Mickmash, Gilboa and especially "Gibeah of Saul", where a trail from north to south crossed the road from east to west, so that this was a strategic centre for the temporary Philistine occupation. That was what made a sort of 'Tell-act'

out of Jonathan's smiting of the foreign garrison there. At Bethshean, afterward Scythopolis, this east-west road crossed the as yet little trodden path along the central plateau to Jerusalem and Hebron, with offshoots to Sechem. It led to the plain of Sharon through Esdrælon, already historic for the struggle of Barak with Sisera, of Gideon with the Midianites, and of Saul with the Philistines. It was still to see the crushing of Josiah by Necho at Megiddo, the dispersion of the hosts of Holofernes, the marchings and countermarchings of Pompey, Antonius, Vespasian and Titus, of Moslem and Greek, of Richard and Saladin. Napoleon and Allenby have traversed it. The Plain of Megiddo made its name a symbol, "Armageddon".

To the west, David's realm included some sixty miles of the road from Gaza to Tyre. To the east, his sphere of influence extended over considerable sections of two ancient caravan trails from Bozrah to Damascus, with connecting although as yet less travelled roads to Hebron by way of Jerusalem and to Samaria. To the south the Cromwellian thoroughness with which the subjection of Edom was prosecuted shows that David already saw there possibilities which Solomon was first to realize, possibly at the instigation of the Tyrian ruler and probably in friendly coöperation, at least at the outset, with the Jerameelite clan and little Misrite kingdom to the west of Edom, although here, in the north-Arabian Negeb, similarity in names and consequent confusion in traditions make much uncertain and obscure. In any case, David's garrisons along the tracks from Elath to Beersheba will have paid for their upkeep many times over, for from the spice-ries of Arabia the heaviest tolls could always be exacted. Even in imperial Roman days it cost, Pliny says, to get a camel-load from Arabia to Gaza a sum equivalent to 135 silver dollars.

Although, then, Israel had but one international route across her territory and her capital lay aloof from the main currents of commercial exchange, David's conquests had given his successor opportunity to collect larger revenues than any prince of southern Syria had ever had or was again to have. This was Solomon's chief material inheritance and it was part of his wisdom that he knew how to exploit those advantages from a political point of view, as the sequel proved, even too well.

At Jerusalem David passed unsolved to Solomon an economic problem of lasting difficulty. No large community has ever been or can ever be self-sufficing there. Its non-producing classes in Solomon's days of glory must have been relatively almost as large and exacting as those of Versailles under Louis XIV, and the city as dependent on levies in kind from farmers as was Rome in its heyday. The way in which Solomon organized and distributed this taxation shows him a diligent emulator of the methods of the Pharaohs, alike with tillers and with herdsmen, but unmindful of the difference between a naturally meagre and an annually restored soil. Craftsmen, native or alien 'cunning men', are named only as in the king's employ, and all important commercial transactions were doubtless monopolized by the 'king's merchants', mainly foreigners. Petty business and house to house barter will have been committed to resident aliens, for 'canaan' and 'trader' were to the writers of that day equivalent and doubtless to the people also. In other connections, however, Canaanites appear with the status of serfs, and such peddling 'canaans' may well have been royal agents in little, perhaps on some system of *commenda*, for this was familiar to the Babylonians of Hammurabi, with whose code and trading customs the Mosaic precepts show a curious coincidence. Thus Solomon was in a position to tax goods in transit, to trade with foreigners and to market their goods among his own people. It will have been in furtherance of such traffic as this that David had bestirred himself to establish a standard shekel-weight. As yet, of course, there were no coins.

Solomon did not seek to extend the uncertain bounds of David's kingdom. Indeed, it is said that he once traded twenty border towns for lumber and craftsmen. The fancy of later writers stretched his rule from the Euphrates and Palmyra (Tadmor, Tamar) to Gaza, much as the romancers of a later age magnified the realms of Arthur and of Charlemagne. His economic achievements were, in fact, twofold. He maintained for forty years a guarded peace and well-policed security throughout his sphere, and he brought new life into it by opening a short connection overland between the Mediterranean and the Eastern Ocean, through which, eluding Egyptian monopoly, the riches of "Ophir", that is of

Arabia Felix, Somaliland and probably of the Cochin coast and the Gulf of Cambay, might pass to Gaza and Tyre, depositing golden sands by the way.

At the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the northeastern branch of the Red Sea, where later stood the Roman Berenice and *Ælana*, were two harbors, Eziongeber and Elath. Here, in association with some Hiram or Hiram, Solomon built and manned ships for a joint trading venture, from which the returns were so rich and strange as to have passed into legend. Unquestionably the later chroniclers supposed, as most commentators since have done, that the only Hiram in view was the king of Tyre, who certainly had ship-timber of the best in Lebanon, skilled shipwrights and daring sailors, as well as a spirit of commercial enterprise which would grasp eagerly at a trade alliance which promised Phœnicia access to Arabian, East African and possibly Indian markets, without the exactions of Egyptian monopoly. Caravan tracks from Elath to southwestern Arabia and the Nile Delta added to the value of that port and junction point for Solomon and for the North Arabian princes under whose control there was then also good ship-timber on the slopes of Mount Seir, Gebalon.

Judgment as to Solomon's activity at Elath and of his foreign relations in general is obscured by the ambiguity of names in the old tradition and by the perplexities into which this ambiguity has led translators from the Greeks onward. It is reasonably certain that regions in Egypt, North Arabia and North Syria had then names so like as to be readily confounded. Wherever these names occurred in the old records they have been translated 'Egypt', although in several cases it is probable, and in one reasonably certain, that one of the other 'Musri' is meant. The king of the North Arabian Misrites had the title of 'Pir'u', which might readily become the 'Pharaoh' of our version; 'Hiram' could as well represent the Hebraising of a name for the head of the Jerameel clan as of that for the Phœnician prince at Tyre, and, once the ambiguity had arisen, it would be easy to confuse Lebanon with Gebalon and Gezer with Geshur. Professor Winkeler and Canon Cheyne have shown what new meaning and interest such conjectures suggest in what has hitherto been

perplexing or obscure. What issues are involved for a judgment of Solomon's policies and wisdom can alone be indicated here.

If timber for the ships built at Elath came, as would be most convenient, from neighboring Gebalon, Solomon, however the Jerameelites may have assisted, was surely the originator and guiding spirit of the enterprise. But no Hiram-Jerameel could have furnished shipwrights or sailors, and if the Tyrian Hiram had any part in this stage of the undertaking it was surely the leading one. Perhaps it is mere accident that no word for 'port' survives in Biblical Hebrew. Possibly Solomon, having secured safe access to the Red Sea and arranged for a supply of timber, turned both to use with business shrewdness in negotiations with the Tyrian ruler, who could employ them to better advantage than any other. Edomite survivors of David's conquest were naturally jealous of an encroachment on their accustomed caravan tolls and of the opening of a new channel of trade. Their feelings, as naturally, were shared by the Egyptians, for a port at Elath menaced their monopoly of all trade associated with the names 'Ophir' and 'Punt'. The Pharaohs showed their sentiments by harboring the Edomite fugitive Hadad until times should be propitious for revolt in his former domain. Later, as significantly, they associated with him the Israelite royal pretender Jeroboam.

The Red Sea ventures were perforce suspended some time before Solomon's death and Edom regained the exploitation of her caravans. But the richness of the prize was remembered. Jehosaphat, recovering control of the route to Elath, made "ships of Tarshish" (rather, perhaps, "an oared ship", that is, a pentaconter) "to go to Ophir for gold". But, whether by storms or by enemies, "the ships were broken at Eziongeber". King Amasiah subdued Edom once more and Uzziah "restored Elath". But before that energetic king could put it to use the tribesmen won back their independence and the maritime history of Israel came to a close.

Solomon's career as overseas trader, if brief, was brilliant. The first voyage is said to have brought the royal partners such gain that Solomon's share in gold alone was four hundred and twenty talents. These, if of the normal weight, would suffice to

coin nearly thirteen million gold dollars. Later each partner is said to have maintained his own ship or 'navy', which from a three years' voyage brought, beside gold and silver, ivory, gems, almug trees, apes and peacocks. That all these were native to some one 'Ophir' seems assumed. It is much more probable that they were acquired from traders, East Indian and Axomite, in some port or ports of southwest Arabia. But, in any case, by this trading, supplemented by the tolls and traffic of caravans, Solomon made gold rarely plentiful and silver "as stones" in Jerusalem, while maintaining a mercenary army more than self-supporting, judiciously distributed in fortified posts throughout his sphere of influence, always on the paths of caravans. With what commodities he traded for the precious metals and curious exotic goods does not appear. But the Phœnicians were experienced in tempting foreign tastes with their metal and toilet wares which they would gladly have supplied to Solomon in return for Palestine's surplus of foods, wine, oil and, above all, balm.

Solomon also engaged in import and transit business overland. Our translators make him bring horses, chariots and linen yarn from Egypt, but the original text is obscure and was apparently already unintelligible to the Greek 'Seventy' who knew nothing of 'yarn'. There are intrinsic improbabilities. Linen in Israel must always have been restricted by climate to uses of ritual and luxury. Egyptians were such adepts in weaving it that in this material Israelite house industry could have offered only a very halting competition. Chariots the Egyptians had in plenty, but their monuments had already repeatedly expressed esteem for those made by Canaanite artisans in Bethshean, Jezreel and Megiddo, which also had vastly impressed the Israelites when they met Sisera. Horses, too, the Egyptians bred, but they seem to have prized more those which they imported from North Syria and Cilicia, where a horse-breeding region shared Lower Egypt's name of 'Musri'. It is clear, too, that the Greek translators had before them some word that suggested Cilicia. It will have been doubtless from this region that the horses were brought, and possibly chariots with them, which the king's merchants "received at a price", whether conventional, con-

tractual or as commutation of tribute does not appear. Solomon needed horses in great numbers, for he was developing cavalry both for use at his trade 'garrisons' and for display. Surplus stock he resold to northern princes, Hittite and Syrian. A horse is said to have cost Solomon an hundred and fifty silver shekels, which, if these were of the usual heavier sort, would equal in weight about one hundred silver dollars. A 'chariot', probably the double span of four for a chariot, cost him six hundred shekels.

Questions of Solomon's relations with 'Egypt' all have bearing on those connected with the 'Pharaoh's daughter', Solomon's diplomatically honored wife, and on the temper in which the Egyptian Pharaoh entertained Hadad and Jeroboam at his court. For centuries, and until about an hundred years before Solomon's accession, Egypt had controlled all or nearly all of Palestine. For the moment, however, it was in no position to interfere actively with the plans of so vigorous a king as Solomon. It might even view with favor the development of a buffer state of more than wonted strength between itself and the arch-enemy Assyria. And yet it is hardly credible that an Egyptian pharaoh, at the juncture when his monopoly of eastern trade was menaced by Solomon and Hiram at Elath, should have engaged his daughter in an alliance which did not imply the husband's subordination. Pharaoh was much more likely to wait watchfully aloof than to make ties of marriage or trade-treaty with the new competitor and kingdom. It is tempting to suppose that 'Pharaoh's daughter' was in fact a daughter of the Negeb Misrite 'Pir'u', and that Geshur, which was his to give, not Gezer, which belonged to neither, was the dowry. Further, since persistent legend makes Solomon marry the Queen of Sheba, and Sheba must be sought in North Arabia, it is permissible to conjecture that she and 'Pharaoh's daughter' may be one, the more as her Misrites had of old the repute which is attributed to her of shrewd subtlety and gnomie wisdom. Trading with Egypt, of course, went on as always. Solomon was too good a commercial diplomat to stand in the way of any profit. But in this respect there is no clear record for his reign. Five years after his death Pharaoh Shoshenk (Shishak) was plundering Jerusalem.

Israel produced, at least in later days, a surplus of several foods. Ezechiel knows of its trade at Tyre with "wheat of Minnith and Panag", imported from east of Jordan, and with honey, oil and balm. The oil of Palestine stood high in Egyptian esteem, as did also its fruits, nuts, dates and figs. Egypt wanted its asphalt for embalming, and the world sought its balm, prized both as perfume and as medicine, and worth in Pliny's day twice its weight in silver. There were for export, too, honey, wax and wool. Later the fish of Gennesareth were pickled for foreign epicures and already there may have been tunny fisheries where Zebulun "dwelt at the haven of the sea", that is, Dor. Whatever the exportable surplus might be, Solomon, through his new organization of the provinces for taxation, would secure the major part of it for his 'merchants', usually aliens, and could in turn make profit on the exchange of these goods for the grain which his capital needed and for imports that would minister to the magnificence of his court and temple as well as to the oriental taste of officials who could afford to indulge themselves and their wives with them. Among such "riches in a little room", incense, myrrh, aloes, nard, cinnamon, pearls, corals, ivory and the finer textiles, flaxen and silk, had chief place. Thus it befell that over-stimulated foreign trade tended to exhaust the resources of the land for the benefit of the royal treasury and to give the governors a sterile illusion of wealth at the expense of the governed, in so far anticipating on a small scale the experience of senatorial Rome. The vassal peoples, Edomites, Moabites, Aramæans, Canaanites, and even the Israelites who had been wont to worship, their Jahveh at some high-place, a Beersheba or a Bethel, may have regarded the glories of Solomon's house and temple somewhat as the Delian tributaries of Athens looked at the gold of the Athene Polios or the marbles of the Parthenon. Perhaps, too, they thought the burden inequitably distributed. The capital and the ancestral homes of the royal line, Bethlehem and Hebron, were apparently favored, possibly spared altogether.

To these greater sources of revenue must be added Solomon's income from large, scattered royal domains exploited, in part at least, by labor levies. There were tithes of produce, too, a land-tax, possibly a poll-tax, tributes from vassal neighbors, and, in

the aggregate doubtless most important of all these, "presents at a rate year by year", the customary gifts which have always figured large in the income of oriental princes. The Queen of Sheba's hundred and twenty talents may possibly have been by way of dowry, but King Hiram is said to have given as much and in his turn to have received twenty villages, which a popular pun on the word 'kabul' makes him regard as a 'dirty' or scurvy return for his services. Spoils of war Solomon did not gather. He may have inherited them. But the expenses of David's campaigns and the disorders that interrupted his rule must have precluded large accumulations. Late tradition far outleaps the bounds of possibility in supposing that he left provisions for a temple exceeding the specie reserves of any modern state, supplemented by personal gifts from the king and his courtiers, also in bullion, amounting to hundreds of millions of our gold. But that in some favored year Solomon may have received the 666 talents with which the earlier annalist credits him, an equivalent in weight to twenty million gold dollars, is not incredible. Solomon had been venturesomely shrewd in trading, and keen in taxing. The magnificent pacifier had kept his people out of war, in well-disciplined and garrisoned security. Yet it does not appear that he had made them individually either richer or happier. Why, then, did their children join to acclaim him wise?

It must have been for the use to which he had turned his wealth and their fathers' toil. For a due appreciation of this the size of the region he controlled and the probable number of his subjects are essential factors. It was, at best, a little state between great empires. Without keeping this in mind one might get from the records a quite distorted idea of its economic or social possibilities. We read of a census taken under David's auspices apparently within the traditional limits "from Dan to Beersheba". The report was of 500,000 fighting men in Judah, and 800,000 in Israel. This implies a population of from five to six millions where in our time there have never been over 750,000. In all Syria, of which Palestine makes one of six provinces and occupies about an eighteenth of the area, there were before the late war about 3,675,000. There may have been more in Roman imperial days, hardly in Solomon's. Figures for the army afford

a safer clue. David's bodyguard numbered six hundred. These were, and for centuries later remained, Carian mercenaries, useful and sufficient, as appeared at the killing of Athaliah, to keep the city folk quiet. Their number was not increased. Solomon's cavalry numbered 12,000; his chariots 1,400. Neither proved too many to guard effectively the commercially strategic points in his sphere of influence, to hold in subjection some 150,000 Canaanite serfs, to recruit and control what must have been reluctant levies, such as that of the 30,000 timbermen, serving in monthly *corvées* of 10,000, or those for the mines which the Greek translators say Solomon opened in the Lebanon range, where indeed traces of working may still be found, or for the foundries in the Jordan valley.

Solomon's development of cavalry is significant of his large designs. Their chief stations are named. Hazor guarded the upper valley of the Jordan; Gezer and Baalath were a reminder to Philistia to keep the hard-won peace; Tamar was meant to assure the southern outlet from Hebron to the Red Sea; Beth-Horon-the-Nether supported outposts farther east, guards of the Bozrah-Damascus caravans against Bedawi incursions. The chariots and horsemen were kept naturally in open country. Not till centuries later is there mention of them at Jerusalem. Concentration, whether of soldiers or of people, was more difficult in those days than now, for the cost of transportation of food was far greater and a large part of Palestine could never from its immediate resources support more than a sparse population.

It was indeed a land of small things. One ferry-boat had sufficed David's household when he crossed Jordan to meet Shimei and at his farthest the royal refugee had not been seventy miles from Jerusalem. Gibeah, an Ammonite city, had been tolerated within seven miles of Jerusalem both by Saul and by David. Bethlehem had held a Philistine garrison in David's first years. Two days' stout walking would take one from Jerusalem to Joppa on the Mediterranean and but little more than a day past Jericho to the Jordan. From Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Dan to Beersheba, was about as far as from New York to Baltimore or to Providence, and from Damascus to the Euphrates

not much farther than from New York to Washington. Then, too, the institutions of Israel, for all their resemblance to the Babylonian, were unfavorable to commerce and to foreign connections. Whenever the strong will of a ruler was absent the people tended to withdraw into a somewhat surly isolation. To realize the limitations and hindrances with which Solomon had to contend in his policy of commercial expansion and national concentration is essential to a just estimate of his achievement.

At home Solomon's policy demanded a strongly organized administration, with large increase of court and household officials. Its most fruitful conception, with far wider effects and implications than he can have realized, was the Temple; its most conspicuous result was the monumental group of buildings with which, in normal oriental fashion, he emphasized his royal magnificence and made his capital the pride of his people. Most characteristic of his political opportunism is the temper in which he reconciled his own emphasized worship of Jahveh with the claims to representation at the capital of the cults and rituals of peoples whom he needed or wished to conciliate, of foreign ambassadors, artisans or traders, and of the wives, "Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites", whom he accumulated to the same end. The preëminent dignity among these of 'the daughter of Pharaoh' was marked by a little residence apart from the general gynecæum. Each friendly or subjected neighbor was no doubt gratified at the matrimonial honor accorded. That there is no audible rumor of palace intrigue or scandal in this reign, as there was in David's, testifies indirectly to Solomon's domestic wisdom.

The greater part of Solomon's revenues was purposefully used in and about Jerusalem. He had found it notable only as a stronghold. He left it the most conspicuous city of Syria, drawing both population and sustenance from every part of his realm. Much more than that, he had by the temple given Jerusalem the opportunity to become the Holy City for all the forward-looking faiths of the world. The temple was indeed far from being the largest structure on Solomon's acropolis, the David's Burg. It was designed as a dwelling-place for the king's God and for the Ark of his Covenant, not as a gathering-place for

his worshippers. But in its very vacancy there was a solemn, compelling appeal to the sense of mystery, awe of the dimly perceived and of the unseen, while worshippers without, before the still primitive "es-Sakhra", the rock altar of burnt offering, with the Bread of the Presence and the Ark of the Covenant with its overshadowing cherubim beyond, saw more immediately near suggestive symbolic figures which might make men feel as they worshipped here a gathering up at this unique shrine of the varied associations of supplications which from patriarchial days had ascended from long venerated high-places in the land. This bare rock of primitive sacrifice, later replaced, to the grief of the conservative, by a great altar of bronze, stood open to the sky. By it were the once sacred pillars, Jachin and Boaz, a bronze serpent, certain lavers and bulls which may have suggested then, as they have done since, Canaanite or Babylonian ideas. Solomon made no exclusive demand for his temple, or for Jahveh's worshippers. It was years before this holy place made its own unique appeal widely heard or heeded, long before "es-Sakhra" became a truly national altar. But that the House of Israel's God stood always in silent monition above the palace of David's line served essentially to open the Judean mind to the ecumenical vision of Isaiah.

But things other than spiritual were involved in the erection of this temple at Jerusalem. It was seven years in building. The royal palace, a much larger structure, with the special residence of 'Pharaoh's daughter' adjoining, took thirteen. There were also a stately throne-hall, rich with encrusted ivory, an imposing 'hall of pillars' for audiences, and an arsenal and assembly hall, the 'House of Lebanon'. For all of these local limestone was quarried, just as the mason work for the pyramids and palaces of the pharaohs had been, by *corvée*, and the Egyptian architects seem to have imposed their influence on Solomon's. Thus constantly renewed tides of drafted labor ebbed and flowed at the capital and gave new occasion for trade and settlement there. For the upper parts of the buildings, the wainscoting and the pillars, cedar was used. Such timber, not to be had in Judea, was abundant on Lebanon and to be cut also at the other 'Hiram's' Gebalon. From Lebanon timber would

have to be taken, with a little chance of raftage, some twenty miles to the sea at Sidon, thence on the Mediterranean for about 120 miles to Joppa, whence there would be forty miles of quite heavy transport to Jerusalem. Gebalon was nearer but less accessible, for the grades were even worse and the country almost waterless, except toward the great depression of the Dead Sea. For the Second Temple the timber was got, modestly, from the neighboring hills. In any case, Solomon's timber was cut and carried by drafted labor. The consequent mingling of tribesmen must have widened horizons and helped to draw the minds of all to the David's Burg as a sort of palladium of national security.

The magnificence of the king's design called for the best artisans and metal workers. These, at least, Solomon would naturally seek at Tyre, traditionally willing to be all things for trade to all its neighbors in the measure of their strength. To either Hiram payment for timber and for men in wheat and oil would be welcome. How many foreign 'skilled hewers' there were does not appear, but much is told of a foreign metal-worker, another Hiram or Hiram, who superintended some notable brass casting and may well have stimulated native and Canaanite 'cunning men' to independent efforts, although the Canaanites, naturally more gifted in metal working, must have been sorely taxed to furnish the eighty thousand axemen and seventy thousand burden-bearers who helped the Israelite levies.

Once built, the temple became, as naturally as any Greek shrine, a royal treasury. Into two hundred 'targets' Solomon is said to have cast a weight of gold equivalent to twelve hundred thousand dollars. These adornments of the temple remained, as did the gold of three hundred shields, representing in weight a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, or the unestimated ivory and gold of the throne, still at the king's disposal. There will have been no more question of a final dedication here than the Athenians felt about the also detachable gold hung on the Athene Polios. Possibly the precious metal of the Tabernacle, twenty-nine talents of gold, approximately equivalent in weight to a million gold dollars, and some hundred talents of silver, with the vessels of gold used in the temple services, would have been

accounted inviolable. In after time, whenever the Temple treasure had been plundered by enemies or taken for tribute or ransom, efforts were made to restore it. But that gold was used in any irrecoverable way for the temple is improbable.

It would appear, then, that if, in oriental fashion, a bullion surplus was to be accumulated Solomon put his to the best possible use. He placed it under the sanction of religion, under guard, under his own eye and where the very conspicuousness of its presence ministered to his prestige and also to that of his people's faith. To expect that even so shrewd a ruler as Solomon should use his gold as a basis of credit is to look for a financial forward leap impossible even to such wisdom as his. Gold and silver, where not impounded in this way, tended constantly to slip into foreign hands, chiefly Phœnician.

The use of specie reserves which was thus inaugurated for Israel may well have helped, certainly it did not preclude, the great revival of national well-being, full-fed ease and even wanton luxury when Assyrian aggression on the rival states to the north relieved the upland kingdom for a time from its watchful strain. The national prosperity under Jeroboam II, under Uzziah, and again under Manasseh, gave the prophets constant occasion to rebuke the besetting sins of self-indulgence and of trade in which it is evident that the Israelites had now begun to compete actively with the Canaanites, so that Jerusalem had come to have the air of a commercial metropolis in Judea. The "goodman" who, putting trading zeal above domestic security, "has gone with a bag of money on a long journey and will return at an appointed time" had become proverbially familiar. Ahab is found negotiating for 'streets', that is, bazaars at Damascus. It would seem that Jerusalem had never been gayer than when Isaiah and the oppressed peasant pilgrims to her shrines saw her people bedecked and dancing to their ruin.

Yet the fire which Solomon's temple had kindled in the heart of Israel was quenched neither by Nebuchadnezzar's destruction of it, nor by the division or conquest of what had been his kingdom, nor by the material ruin of his people, nor even by foreign captivity. It is the fortune of wise leaders of the people to lay foundations for more than they realize, and they are justly to be

honored for fruitful experiment as well as for prescient vision. Solomon's political statecraft was fatally defective; his moral statesmanship proved supremely wise. His motives at the outset may well have been personal and political as well as religious. Perhaps even to the end his keenest gratification in the temple was that in it he had excelled the splendor which any neighbor state had accorded to the cult of its divinity and had emulated the pomps with which mightier sovereigns had sought supernatural favors for their people and their palaces. No doubt he regarded the temple as in a sense his as well as Jahveh's, an adjunct, however important and essential, to the home and offices of royalty. No doubt, too, for many years a considerable body of his people were of the same mind, clinging to the simpler and more adaptable ritual of the high-places, resenting the foreign guards at the temple and the foreign ministrants at the sacrifices as well as the taxes and levies by which a folk, chiefly agricultural and pastoral, had been constrained to minister to unwonted and seldom seen magnificence. Indeed, it has been thought that some premonitory exhibition or anticipation of such resentment may have been among the causes which had held David from so normal an expression of royal policy as was the building of a temple in an age when kings seemed peculiarly close to supernatural powers. And yet if men are to bear the burden of the unforeseen consequences of their acts they may claim honor from these also. Solomon did, indeed, strain the resources of his own people to the breaking-point to give prestige to the royal line, dignity to the royal city, and splendor to the royal cult. Immediately, the material result of this for his people, his line and his temple was disastrous. Ultimately, it was because of the moral outcome of this that the instinct of the world pronounced him wise.

Generations to whom *Ægis Potami* is not even a shadowy memory have revered Pericles for the Parthenon. Those to whom the revolt of Israel from Rehoboam is a tale without meaning connect instinctively, indissolubly and rightly, Solomon's temple with the development of a monotheistic conviction which, by the voice of prophetic seers, was to expand the unique Sion into a shrine of humanity and make Jerusalem a holy city for the

world. That localizing a cult should make it ecumenical is a paradox, but it is clear, as George Adam Smith² has said, that the worship of one Jahveh, spiritual and not idolatrous, was for Israel, at that stage and in that environment, practicable only through a preëminent temple. For other races it seems to have been practicable only with Israel as a teacher.

Thus Solomon's building of the temple was cardinal in the development of ecumenical ethics and religion. The time was critical. It would be hard to name another generation in the ancient life of the Nearer East when there had been or when there was again to be a chance for the one nation that held the potentiality to seize it, to provide through the prestige of wealth and the security of peaceful power an environment, so helpful that it seems indeed essential, for the germinating of new spiritual conceptions. Solomon made possible the ripening in nobler souls of ideas which still endure with vitality to move the world. The hour found a king of royal mind. He gave the means: the seers rose to the opportunity. In a higher sense than the legend-builders knew, Solomon had been wise.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS.

New York.

² *Jerusalem*, II: 13.

THE FATHER OF FRENCH AGRICULTURE

Too little is known to-day of the work of the father of French agriculture, Olivier de Serres. This country gentleman of southern France flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Having experimented for many years with his ancestral estate on the west bank of the Rhône, he determined to record his discoveries in a volume. This proved to be a monumental work to which he gave the odd title, *Theatre of Agriculture*. Published in 1600, it was dedicated to Henry IV, who greatly esteemed it. Certainly no book of the kind has ever exerted larger influence.

Olivier de Serres, as he wrote the name, was born in 1539, at Ville-neuve-de-Berg, on the west border of the Rhône valley, ninety miles south of Lyons. He was the eldest of five children and was educated at the University of Valence. His works attest his acquaintance with Greek and Latin writers, and indicate that he travelled in Germany, Italy, and Spain. He made three sojourns at the court of Henry IV, spending four years in Paris. Most of his life, however, was passed in the South, on his estate of the Pradel, where, absorbed in farm work, he observed, experimented, and wrote.

The Pradel takes its name from the surrounding prairie. Early writers liken the place to the Greek Tempe and the Italian Tivoli. Its springs vie with those of Fontainebleau; and de Serres, by his system of irrigation, enhanced its beauty and fertility. Besides creating cascades, fish-ponds, and haunts for waterfowl, warrens and game-preserves, he adorned the grounds about the château with flowers, shrubs, and fruit trees, and constructed shady drives. He cultivated, also, a fine vineyard and a mulberry orchard. To-day travellers between Lyons and Nîme can see on the undulating plain of the Pradel rows of magnificent mulberries and oaks, and de Serres's antique windmill is still used for grinding grain. A rectangular château of white stone faithfully reproduces the structure in which Olivier lived; one room preserves his books, personal effects, and certain furnishings, constituting the nucleus of a museum. The original

edifice, after undergoing siege and pillage during the religious wars, was razed by order of Richelieu in 1628. The present château dates from 1630, having been erected by Olivier's eldest son.

Much has been written regarding the rôle of de Serres in the internal dissensions of France. Catholic historians have accused him of barbarities, and the Protestant Agrippa d'Aubigné did not hold him guiltless of participation in a massacre of forty priests at Villeneuve in 1573. Although excesses of the kind were by no means uncommon at the time, few now credit these accusations against de Serres. Certainly, he devoted his long life to peaceful pursuits, and only a man of unwavering purpose could have carried on such work unperturbed during the stormy years of his career. Where was there any incentive to grow crops, to beautify one's property, and to plant trees for future generations, when devastation threatened in the wake of civil strife? De Serres saw the land repeatedly laid waste by warring factions, and relapsing into wilderness. The labor necessary for repairing such devastation was lacking. Yet he endeavored to interest his countrymen in the productive enterprises of peace, urging Catholics and Protestants alike to seek in agriculture relief from their woes. Well could they afford to imitate his example; for the Pradel became a model farm and a school, from which emerged a science tending to free agriculture from dependence upon the caprices of the seasons.

In order that all France might profit by his labors, de Serres conceived the idea of publishing a comprehensive treatise. For forty years he studied and experimented, recording methodically his results. Except for the unsettled state of the country, he would have issued the work much earlier. Only when Henry IV had brought order out of chaos did de Serres send to press the manuscript of his *Théâtre d'Agriculture et Ménage des Champs*.

A more important book has rarely come from a French pen. Nor, in view of the ravages of civil strife, could it have appeared at a moment more opportune. In his preface, the author proclaims the importance of his theme. "If we prize the arts in their various aspects," he declares, "how much more worthy of

attention must be the science of agriculture, the most essential for the race—that without which, indeed, man cannot exist?" The word *Théâtre* he employed figuratively as referring to the natural stage occupied by a gentleman farmer, in reality himself. The work in its many editions of from one to four volumes contains more than a thousand pages of the format of the *Webster Unabridged Dictionary*. It is divided into eight books, each with illustrations indicative of the contents. The matter covers a wide range of topics:—soils, fertilizers, seeds, farm machinery, harvesting, grains, rotation of crops, grass, alfalfa, clover, flax, hemp, madder root, gardening, horticulture, the nursery, forestry, culture of the grapevine, vintage and distillation, the brewing of drinks from grains and fruits, domestic animals, their breeding and care, the dairy, poultry, the warren, fish-culture, drainage and irrigation, game and the chase, the apiary, culture of the silkworm, foods and their preservation, home remedies for man and beast, judicious economy, rural architecture and the care of buildings.

Various as are the subjects, de Serres discusses each with the competence of a specialist, dealing unerringly with land, seeding, crops, and live-stock. Indeed, many a breeder of our time would do well to read his discussion of the care of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry; and many a general reader might profit from his analysis of the principles of agriculture and political economy. Noteworthy are his views upon the landlord's relations with his neighbors, renters, and hired help; financial investments and the marketing of wares; the value of selecting good stock and seed, the economy of careful upkeep, and the importance of the housewife's rôle. Yet, with all his wisdom, de Serres was a man of his time in his respect for certain superstitions. He speaks of the influence of the moon upon agriculture, and remarks that "the topping of sterile fruit trees as a means of making them bear should be done only on the last day of January before the new moon". Common-sense asserts itself, however, when elsewhere he cautions against letting good weather pass in idleness merely because the moon may not be in the proper phase for some particular kind of work.

To Olivier de Serres France owes several important innova-

tions and discoveries. He was the first to indicate the value of tame grass for hay or pasture, the first to spray vines and shrubs with sulphur as a protection against insects and rabbits, to introduce maize into Provence, and to foresee the industrial use of the beet, which he speaks of as a "root to be ranked among delicacies, the juice of which in cooking resembles a sugar syrup, and is beautiful to look upon because of its marvellous color". In knowledge of the potato, then but recently brought from America, he was far in advance of his countrymen. He introduced the hop-vine, and for years experimented with rice and cotton and sugar-cane. He showed the French the value of the honey-bee, and, in a booklet entitled *A Second Source of Wealth from the White Mulberry*, established the fact that the bark of this tree is suitable for making rope, and even cloth.

Valuable as these benefactions have proved, none was destined to equal in importance the culture of the silkworm. The passages in his great work dealing with this subject were published separately in 1599, a year before the rest, and were speedily translated into other tongues. Indeed, the founding of the silk industry in France would of itself suffice to insure the author's fame. Henry IV, believing that his people should keep at home the money they were spending abroad for this product, sent his Superintendent of Gardens to the Pradel bearing an autograph letter directing that the industry be developed without delay. The first step was to produce food for the worms. Accordingly, as an enthusiast has expressed it: "At the command of Henry IV, the master of the Pradel tapped the earth with his foot, and there arose upon the instant forests of mulberry trees". Thanks to his efforts, the one mulberry brought to France during the last Crusade, and reported to be still alive in 1802, had by that time so multiplied that its descendants covered the fields of the South and of many other parts of the country as well. In a single year 120,000 such saplings are said to have been planted in the public parks of Paris alone. De Serres in his work expounded every phase of silk-culture; and after three centuries, his methods are still followed. To-day the silk industry in France, though largely dependent upon imports of raw material, yields no less than six million francs annually.

In his *Théâtre*, de Serres announced as in preparation a treatise on parks, an essay on flour-mills, and a guide to rural architecture. If these were ever actually written, the manuscripts have been lost. They could scarcely have added to their master's reputation. That reputation rests upon his personality, his amazing range of knowledge, and his style. As a personality he impresses us with being at once a scholar and a peasant, a theorist and a practitioner, loving the soil with primitive affection, yet dreaming of controlling it by his mastery of scientific principles. His knowledge, as we have observed, is remarkable both for its breadth and for its depth. An acquaintance with history and literature reinforced his experimental investigations. His method of presenting his results has won for him the admiration of connoisseurs. His style displays the frank honesty of that of the Church fathers and the simple strength of that of Cato. Although he has been compared to Montaigne, his *Théâtre* contains neither discursive meditations nor sceptical dilettantism. His maxims recall the Proverbs of Scripture. His terse, pure diction and fondness for native words made him an unconscious collaborator of Malherbe. His wide outlook, sound judgment, and insight into man and even the humbler creatures, are hardly equalled in his generation.

Olivier de Serres died in 1619, and was interred, according to his wish, in the family tomb at Villeneuve. This tomb, however, has disappeared, presumably destroyed when the Duke of Montmorency pillaged the town in 1621. In the nineteenth century three public monuments were erected to commemorate de Serres: the first a column thirty feet in height set up at Villeneuve in 1804; the second a handsome statue erected there in 1858; and the third a monument at Aubenas, not far distant, unveiled in 1882 by Pasteur. It has been suggested that the Republic purchase the Pradel as a model estate and a memorial. Whether this be done or not, the true monuments of de Serres are his book and his enduring contributions to the agriculture and the industries of France.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

Indiana University.

MORITZ SAPHIR AND THE PATHETIC GAYETY OF VIENNA

Wilibald Alexis tells a curious story of complimenting a staid Vienna matron on the beauty of her daughters, and of being answered as follows:—

“I was much prettier than my daughters in my youth. I was the most beautiful girl in Vienna. But I would not grasp my good fortune when it offered itself to me. I could have married counts and princes, I could have worn gold and diamonds, I could have owned country estates; now it is too late. . . .”

No other modern race believes and lives the religion of *carpe diem* quite so faithfully as the gay Vienna *mestizo*. Amelia von Ende called attention years ago to the eternal Austrian effort to prevent anything from happening. This, with the refusal to believe that anything has ever happened or will happen,—the refusal to look the facts in the face,—was yesterday, is to-day, and will be to-morrow, the instinctive attitude of the tragically cheerful Austrian capital. Never in her history was this true in such ghastly measure as to-day. But perhaps Americans will understand Vienna better and think of her with a shade more kindness, if they look at her for a few moments as she was incarnated in the irrepressible Hungarian Jew, Moritz Saphir.

There is nothing strange in the citation of a Hungarian Jew as the type-Viennese. Before the establishment of the dual monarchy, in 1867, with a second capital at Buda, Hungarians, as well as Bohemians, were even more numerous among the ‘four hundred’ of Vienna,—fewer than three hundred, to be exact,—and Jews have always played a prominent part in the gay life of the Prater. Moritz Saphir was born at Lovas-Berény, in Hungary, in 1795, was educated in Jewish theology at Pressburg and Prague, and published his first volume of poems from Buda-Pest. But he came to Vienna in 1821 to work for Bäuerle’s *Theaterzeitung*, and from that date, although he lived some time in Munich, Berlin and Paris, he was the pattern and acme

of that "Wiener Gemütlichkeit" which wrings the heart because it is so innocent, so random, so helpless, so sure to end in dreary regret if not disaster, and withal so irresistibly charming.

Young Saphir would have made the most edifying of rabbis. His memory was phenomenal, and his skill in disputation no less so. A page from his fragmentary memoirs reveals not only the child, but the man:—

"My mother Charlotte, whose family name was Brüll, from Pressburg, was the living incarnation of love, of mildness, of charity, of hospitality and of patience. I remember her, since I lost her in my early youth, as one remembers an angel seen in a dream. She was weak and sickly, pale and suffering. She drank with the most beautiful humility, long-suffering and piety, the wormwood which was poured into her cup of life. . . .

"A proof that the memory of her is grounded in the deepest depths of my being, is the following incident, with its sequel in my later life:

"When I was nine or ten years old, there was a great 'Talmud Examination' before the authorized examiner, Rabbi Lebis, Doctor of Applied Ox-Goads and Master of Constant Castigation.

"My humility received from him at the beginning of each week, contrary to all principles of justice, without trial and conviction, an anticipatory flogging, and when my mother protested he explained: 'I beat him because I know he won't study an hour all week, and will know more than all the rest on Friday in spite of it.'

"On such a Friday . . . I went out of the great general Talmud Examination like a young pig with a medal at the fair, brown and shining. The noise of my victory over forty-eight or fifty other Talmudites had gone before me, and when I reached home my mother kissed me, hung a new blue neckcloth about my neck, and said: 'I am sure God will let thee live a hundred years!'

"In 1831 I lay ill with a fever in Munich. I was discouraged, apathetic, almost in a coma. His Majesty, King Ludwig, in his noble sympathy, sent me his personal physician, Dr. Wenzel, but, dull and hopeless as I was, I would have nothing to do with him.

"About the twentieth night of my illness . . . I heard the door open softly; my mother came in, just as she had stood before me on that memorable Friday: a light blue dress, a

parti-colored hood with three broad wings, covering every strand of hair on her head, in her hand a boy's blue neck-cloth. She bent over me, knotted the blue cloth about my neck, saying, as she had said before: 'I am sure God will let thee live a hundred years!' and vanished. . . .

"From that moment I was another man . . . and from that moment I began to mend. . . .

"After I had been out for several days, I chanced, in the English Garden, to meet His Majesty, King Ludwig. Condescending and kind as he always was, His Majesty was pleased to congratulate me on my recovery, and to add: 'But why would you not accept the services of my physician? Have you no confidence in my special doctor?'

"I bowed respectfully and answered: 'No, Your Majesty, I have no confidence in your Majesty's special physician, because he is in the habit of treating immortals!'"

Poor Saphir did not live a hundred years,—he died a melancholy death at Baden, near Vienna, in 1858,—but while he lived he was very much alive and the whole German-speaking world was agog with the realization of his presence. His spirited muse sometimes grew unruly, and this same King Ludwig of Bavaria once drove him out of his little kingdom in a fury for venturing to make merry over His Majesty's poetical efforts,—although the two became good friends again later. For the last twenty years and more of his life he published the caustic *Humorist* in Vienna, and kept half the continent of Europe on the *qui vive* of apprehension as to the point where the lightning of his wit would strike next. Heine, Liszt, Hegel, Meyerbeer, Hebbel and the greatest names of Europe were the names of friends and patrons who both loved and feared him.

No one but a Viennese and a contemporary could catch the full flavor of his matchless persiflage, as represented in his spoken monologues, versés, newspaper feuilletons in the form of whimsical essays, and short stories which were more or less autobiographical. He was capable of nothing sustained or symmetrical, but the torrent of his improvisation, enriched by his encyclopædic learning, sparkling with quips and puns, poured itself out from platform and printed page, for an audience which wriggled and purred with joy,—except the victims. There was something of

Jean Paul in him, and a good deal of Rabelais. Take this, from a discussion of the apple episode in the race's early history:—

"The first pair, my kind hearers and heareresses [*meine freundlichen Hörer und Hörerinnen*, a form of address which is so frequent with him that he is generally content to abbreviate it, *m. f. H. u. H.*], found it difficult to be virtuous because they came into the world fully equipped with all their teeth. Teeth and virtue are personal enemies. That is why mankind are virtuous only in infancy, when they have no teeth, and in old age, when their teeth are all gone. . . ."

Or again:—

"We hear people insisting that Europe is over-populated, and that we must encourage emigration to other parts of the globe. Foolishness! If Europe is over-populated, why are our concerts and our theatres empty? Just go past a tailor's shop—where are all the men to go into the empty clothes you see hanging up? Pass a hatter's—where are all the skulls to go inside the hats? Look into a watchmaker's window—where are the men to wear all the watches in their vest-pockets? And the doctors, they haven't enough sick men, and the hotel-keepers haven't enough well men, and the undertakers haven't enough dead men. Ask the newspapers—their subscribers are missing; ask the girls, their lovers are missing; ask the wives, even their husbands are missing most of the time. How can Europe be over-populated, then?"

True child of Vienna that he was, Saphir kept open house, gave the coat from his back if he saw a brother in need, and threw his generous income out of the window as fast as it came in at the door, so that he died in poverty. Vienna has always been the world's headquarters for charity balls and benefit entertainments. Half of Saphir's monologues were for charity. Thus, when part of the city suffered a disastrous flood, he prepared—or more strictly, improvised—an appropriate and highly successful lecture on Noah and the Ark. He was a creature of gay and kindly impulse, a cultured innocent. And being so, there is a touch of sadness in him always.

"I remember particularly a night of Carnival. I lived in a garret-room on the Fish-Market, my room was dimly

lighted with an oil-lamp; on a little stove lay the contents-to-be of my stomach for the next twenty-four hours, in the form of three or four potatoes. From the dance-hall over the way a jolly strain swam across to me, and I picked up my one wooden chair and waltzed happily about my room embracing it.

"What made me happy?

"It was youth. . . . Youth is the real Paradise, where blooms the Tree of Life, and only in this Paradise can we listen to the voice of God and hear what the birds say and what the flowers tell each other, what the trees lisp and the brooks prattle. When we grow old we are driven out of the garden, and all our longing and all our sadness and all our impotent wishing is only the homesickness of the exile!"

Alas, poor Saphir, poor Austria! It is not gay young poets, but hard-headed and hard-hearted old soldiers and scientists and merchants, who manage this modern world.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

The University of Oklahoma.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

There can be no greater aid to reflection than the imminent prospect of death. Those who expect (probably unwisely) to suffer their threescore and ten are inclined to postpone thinking on account of the insistent necessity of doing, but with those about to die it is different. They have the not wholly unpleasant sense of a free day in port before setting sail, and without any feeling of responsibility can set about to investigate the scenes and life of the town in which they are but visitors. With the necessary isolation of a stranger, they can play the rôle of detached spectator and examine fastidiously, since the world for them is not a workshop, but a spectacle arranged for their amusement, and they are in the crowd but not of it. They hurry from place to place because they do not wish to miss anything of interest, but they experience an Olympian aloofness, since they will not rest long enough to take an active part or incur responsibilities. Then, having seen the sights, they will, as one does naturally in a peopled solitude, turn inward upon themselves and consider things curiously, until under the combined influence of detachment and thought something of the strangeness of the earthly predicament, less obvious to natives, will be borne in upon them.

It was this sense of detachment which grew constantly upon W. N. P. Barbellion (Bruce Frederic Cummings) whose *Journal of a Disappointed Man* presents so striking a study in more or less morbid psychology, and whose recently published posthumous volumes, *Enjoying Life* and *Last Diary*, add a sense of frustrated power to one's impression of the man. At thirteen he was mastered by an overwhelming desire to know all about insects, but, as the conviction of early death grew upon him, he lost interest in activity and began to find himself strangely cut off from men who had lives and careers to fashion, and to realize that he might not take part in the life of a world where he was, after all, but a transient. For a time bitterness and rebellion took possession of him, but these moods gave way somewhat, and he gradually began to look upon himself as a sort of sightseer,

and to find his justification not in any work which he might do, but in a strangely detached analysis of himself and his experiences which he recorded quite shamelessly in a carefully preserved journal. The essays which he wrote and published have interest in their revelation of a peculiar attitude toward life, but they take on a peculiar significance when regarded in the light of the intimate revelations of the journal.

Our actions and our judgments are, of course, relative, so that when we call a thing 'good' or 'worth while' we are probably thinking of its mere earthly usefulness. To Barbellion, however, such relativities could have no meaning. The ordinary criteria of success cannot be applied to him, and we must judge him not as a man but as a sort of disembodied spirit. So judged, he raises some interesting problems in values.

He was, it seems, a disappointed man and a failure. It is true that he wrote three fascinating books, and it is also true that if he was not a great scientist or a great writer, he was, nevertheless, a mind. All knowledge he took for his province, and if he conquered no larger part of it than those who desire world empire usually subjugate, he at least had a vivid sense of its extent. He loved nature with the ardor of a poet and studied her with the minuteness of a scientist. Fascinated by all books, from the poems of Villon to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he loved life no less than he loved the printed page, and those gifts of mind and soul which had in no small measure been given him, he cultivated to the highest point which circumstances permitted. But he was not, as the world would say, 'a success' and, as any reader of those helpful little books on self-development can tell us, not to be 'a success' is manifestly to be a failure.

But surely his was not a failure either of aspiration or of appetite. His most obvious characteristic is a hunger for life. He realized that the world was indeed full of a number of things, and he desired them all. Science, literature, music, and all manner of adventures, physical and spiritual, beckoned to him, and his only despair arose from the realization that he could not have them all.

Robert Burton looked one day from the window of his library and sighed with momentary regret that he was not of the busy

world, but in a moment he turned back to his books. Barbellion could achieve no such resignation, for to him at least two lives, one for study and one for action, seemed necessary. One imagines him as never thinking without feeling that he should be doing, and never doing without feeling that he should be thinking. To him a thousand lives were all too few, for he would have more loves than Semiramis and more knowledge than an encyclopædia. He echoes Amiel's disgust at the hopeless imprisonment of his soul in one body, and, like the fabled ass standing between two haystacks, he is in danger of starvation from an inability to choose amidst plenty.

One never gets time in his essays to grasp anything—a fleeting glimpse and it is gone. To read him is to rush past the world on an express train. A house set quietly upon a hill attracts our attention, but before we can realize it, it flashes by and gives place, perhaps, to a flooding river. Barbellion is drunk with life, for to him existence is not a vale of tears, not a school for discipline, and not a place where each has his duty to perform. Rather it is a debauch.

Even if one did not know, one would suspect that this was an appetite born of ill health, for there is something hectic in such eagerness. Barbellion's favorite allusions are to Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff, and their expansiveness was, like his, partly the result of a bodily weakness which made them value life more because they felt themselves less able to grasp it. Just as *carpe diem* is proclaimed only by men who find themselves incapable of forgetting the morrow, so no man who felt existence completely happy would write an essay on *Enjoying Life*. His annals would be brief to the point of non-existence.

To himself, then, Barbellion was a failure because of his ill health. But one wonders how much literature owes to sickness. In spite of those who talk of the sanity of art, it is often, at its most delicate, a sign of ill health. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Fielding—they are robust and normal, but the quivering sensitiveness of Keats or Shelley is the result (in plain prose) of an unhealthful sensitiveness. Bodily infirmity drives even the active to study. Brantôme fell from his horse; Montaigne was driven into studious seclusion as the result of high living; the roll of con-

sumptives is long. In the case of Stevenson and Keats, fragility was the very essence of their genius. They were skinned all over. The self-protective callousness which, for our own comfort, we are compelled to grow over our souls as well as our bodies, has been in the case of them and of Barbellion stripped off, and they writhe under their emotions.

The psychologist, following the analogy of biology, tells us that intelligence is adaptation, and that that man is most intelligent who is most fit to adapt himself to life. By this standard the delicate artist is unintelligent. He is too delicate an instrument to stand the shock of the world. He is as unfit for the rough road as a horse with his hooves pared to the quick. His capacities for feeling, which should be sturdy horns to poke about in the stuff of experience, are like the delicate tentacles of a snail, which draw back shuddering at the slightest contact and feel the faintest touch like a blow. From the standpoint of evolution such natures are not fitted to survive. We have come to admire this supersensitiveness, but it has no place in nature, and she crushes it. 'Culture' pronounces such souls noble, but culture is at war with nature.

Perhaps the more enlightened of our disciples of efficiency would admit (at this late date at least) that Keats achieved some success, but Barbellion failed for yet another reason. He refused to be a specialist. He stuck his greedy hand into the jar of nuts and could not draw it out because he had grasped too many. To have been merely a mathematician, or a writer, or a scientist would probably not have satisfied him. He desired rather to be a man—and that, as he conceived it, with all its implications of knowledge and development, is more than one can hope to be. He refused to confine himself so exclusively to one thing that most of his faculties would wither away. But achievement is theirs who will fix their eyes so intently upon their narrow way that they never look abroad. They chisel, often, we stop crying for the moon; but then, if one has ever really so intently upon their own little block that they leave a monument without ever having lived. To be 'useful' and 'successful' one often finds it necessary to be content to be a cog, but Barbellion determined to contemplate, at least, the whole machine.

I would not be carried away by my theme and say too much for this young man. It is true that his was little more than aspiration, and that to the last he was pitifully young. Had he ended more happily there might be much material for comedy in the journal where his intense self-consciousness makes him always egoistic and sometimes pompous, and where he reveals the tendency of all bright youths to regard the universal experiences of adolescence as things peculiar to themselves. One might find excellent comedy in comparing the inside history of things as told in the *Journal* with the literary employment of the same experiences in the *Essays*. The intimate and off-hand reference in the latter to Marie Bashkirtseff, for instance, as to one whom all his readers know and with whom he had been familiar from the cradle, contrasts very comically with the naïve account in the *Journal* of the discovery of this, for him, completely unknown writer; and it is equally amusing to note that the young man who desired more loves than Semiramis was quite as ill at ease and quite as incompetent in managing such flirtations as fell to his lot as less ambitious young fellows are accustomed to be. But this is, after all, no more than the difference between the artist as known by his valet and the artist as he appears to his audience. The important fact is not that Burns celebrated a servant-girl, but that he saw in her the embodiment of the Eternal Woman, and if Barbellion's experiences were commonplace, his manner of looking at them was not. This is all that an artist can do.

It is, after all, not the man but the type for which I apologize. He is the eternal misfit who travels wide-eyed through a world for which his very excellences—his self-consciousness and his sensitiveness—render him unfit. It is well for most of us that wanted the moon it is difficult to be content with anything else.

As to Barbellion, achievement was not his. He did not leave his mark. His writings will no doubt be forgotten, and he will have to be content to be as if he had not been. But his failure was not altogether a failure. As a citizen of this world he was not a success, but then he never pretended to be such a citizen. He was an acute and penetrating observer who could consider

things most curiously. There are some who value being as well as doing, and to them he will seem something of a success; but, for the most part, detached observation must be content to be its own reward. The world passes such a soul by and continues to wear its path to the door of the man who can make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

There where the dead lie, where my place shall be,
Go not to tend my grave, nor to think of me;
Sweet though the quiet be, and the days be fair,
Not mine the gift you bring;—I shall not be there!
Not for the sleepers are the shadow or the gleam;
There is not a thought with them, there is not a dream.
Though the rich seasons pass over every bed,
They are not visioned in the ranks of the dead;
Though on some wondrous day, on their shining track,
Free souls may flash again, to their old haunts back,
Now they are all away, be they near or far;
Oh, if you must look for me, find me in a star.
Leave there the dreamless dead—think not of their sleep;
Think of a living light, flying through the deep;
Think of a quick soul, that smiled at your farewell,
Near your very heart, perhaps,—how should you tell?
Cold, cold and lifeless is the city of the dead;
Forth to a new realm the swift wings have fled;
There gleam the moon-white stones, and the soil is blest,—
They are for remembrance; but life, life is best!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

East Orange, New Jersey.

MR. WELLS AND HISTORY*

The production of a universal history by a prolific and successful novelist arouses interest and impels curiosity, as Mr. Wells, of course, anticipated.

As a matter of record the *Outline* has hardly the novelty claimed for it. Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, and Prévost-Paradol's *Essai sur l'Histoire Universelle* are well known and successful works of that kind, while the often-used outlines of Fisher, Meyers, West, Robinson and others, would have answered the complaint of Mr. Wells expressed in his Preface,—a complaint which applies to England more than to America.

Altogether this is a noble, inspiring, and uplifting book. It strengthens our trust in God and in humanity, and is based upon the strongest argument in the world—the facts of history. The mistakes, omissions and inadequacies—and there are many—do not seriously impair the force of the argument, which is clear and convincing.

In the author's inimitable style, this comprehensive treatment of the whole history of man, including, as one writer has said, "everything that has happened from the day when the world was fire-mist down to the Treaty of Versailles", unfolds the great idea of the historical unity of man and the purposefulness of his long development, the exposition gathering increased volume and momentum as it proceeds, until it reaches the author's conclusion that—

"Life, forever dying to be born afresh, forever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool, and stretch out its realm amidst the stars." (II, p. 595).

The author declares, however, that—

"We have brought this *Outline of History* up to our own times, but we have brought it to no conclusion. It breaks

* *The Outline of History; Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind.* By H. G. Wells. Written with the Advice and Editorial Help of Mr. Ernest Baker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Gilbert Murray. Illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. With maps, chronological charts, tables and index. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Two vols. Pp. xiq, 648, and x, 676.

off at a dramatic phase of expectation. The story of life which began inestimable millions of years ago, the adventure of mankind which was already afoot half a million years ago, rises to a crisis in the immense interrogation of to-day. The drama becomes ourselves. We are engaged upon an immense task of adjustment to these great lines upon which our affairs are moving. Our true state, this state that is already beginning, this state to which every man owes his utmost political effort, must be now this nascent Federal World State to which human necessities point. Sooner or later that unity must come, or else plainly men must perish by their own inventions." (II, p. 579).

We have, then, a great book with a great conception, Not since Hegel has universal history been written with such a profound purpose. Hegel's great idea of the end of history was Freedom through Spirit; Wells's is Peace and Progress through Federation and Coöperation, based on the knowledge of man's whole history from the beginning.

It is not merely a universal history, but it is a realization of the universal in history. It is not merely a compilation of historical facts, but it is the tracing of the thread of human progress toward the one great goal of human history—peace, with all its great possibilities of brotherhood, coöperation, unification, strength, achievement and victory.

The ordinary universal histories fail to do this, and do not impart to us the sense of that unity, continuity and relationship which we know really underlie history. This book is rather a picture than a history. It is the work of an artist, not of a scientist. Perhaps this is the reason that it attempts more than a scientific historian to-day would dare to attempt, and appeals to a larger circle of more interested readers. The work is literature, for it deals with a great subject, and the author brings to it a fine and noble mind.

John Fiske has told us that the destiny of man is to be known in the light of his origin. Wells gives the physical origin so far as it is known, also something of the intellectual, but very little of the moral and the spiritual.

The book begins not merely with prehistoric man, but with prehuman life. It is as if one were taking a mile run for a

twenty-foot jump. It is not only that this early speculation seems needless, but it is vague and uncertain at the best. In Vol. I, chapter X is headed: "The Later Post-Glacial Palæolithic Men, the First True Men". This is surely early enough to begin the history of man, yet so much of the earlier period remains imaginary that while we can understand how it would interest the author of fantastic romances, like *The First Man in the Moon*, or *In the Days of the Comet*, we fail to see its real importance in the *Outline*. It is all still so fragmentary and indefinite that much more work by the specialist and expert is needed before it will be of much use to the student of general history.

There has been necessarily a great deal of detailed criticism, some of which Mr. Wells has answered recently in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Yale Review*. For example, Mr. Gomme, Lecturer in Greek in the University of Glasgow, in a brochure of 48 pages, has pointed out a great many inaccuracies in the treatment of Greek and Roman history, due to the use of the wrong authorities or to a misunderstanding of the methods and conclusions of right ones. Even in his summing up of Roman history Wells seems to have failed to grasp the important lessons. "The Roman had come and had gone again. . . . There was one thing that did not perish but grew, and that was the tradition of the world empire of Rome and of the supremacy of the Cæsars." But Rome left more than a "tradition of empire", in her language, laws, roads, and genius. We are disappointed, also, in his explanation of the fall of Rome, a subject which contains one of the greatest lessons in all history, and is of especial importance to the student of the civilization and power of England and of America in this twentieth century.

It is evident, however, that a criticism of our author's treatment of the facts of history must be made with caution, as he has on his board of editorial advisers four of the ablest English scientists and historians, and although he has refused to incorporate in the text some of their corrections he gives them place in the footnotes. Indeed, the naïve discussions between the author and these chosen editors, carried on in footnotes, are not the least entertaining and instructive parts of the book.

But our criticism must go deeper. We would consider especially there subjects: Jesus and Christianity, The Middle Ages, and Napoleon. First, as to the place of Jesus and Christianity in human history. What Wells has seen fit to write on this great subject in Chapter XXX, "The Beginnings of Christianity", has been severely criticized, as might have been expected. It must be admitted that he is both confusing and inconsistent, but, on the whole, in the rest of the book he is true to historic fact and to the best Christian consciousness.

The whole Christian interpretation of history and of Jesus is based upon the centuries of preparation for the coming of Jesus. Christ in history is the only hope for a fair and worthy reading of history and the only basis of any sure hope for humanity, and to this great truth Wells gives evidence all through his book.

His description of the appearance of Jesus borrows much from a vivid and inaccurate imagination; as for example (I, p. 574), where he describes Jesus as "living upon casual gifts of food, yet always represented as clean, combed and sleek, in spotless raiment, erect, and with something motionless about him, as though he was gliding through the air". "In the Gospel", he continues (I, p. 575), "all that body of theological assertion which constitutes Christianity finds little support". As if Christianity were only a "body of theological assertion"! What he says (I, p. 576) about the preaching of the kingdom of heaven is so true and strong that it makes up for a good many misunderstandings, nor does he fail to see the plain social and political bent of the teachings of Jesus. "He was too great for his disciples, and to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts."

It is strange to find him saying of St. Paul (I, p. 588): "The present writer has been unable to find any discussion of the religious ideas of Paul before he became a follower of Jesus". Has he not read Acts VIII, 1; IX; XXI: 39-XXVI: 29; Galatians I, II? Or, we may refer him to McGiffert's *The Apostolic Age*, chapter III. Incidentally, our author's statements in regard to the origin of Sunday, and to the relation of primitive Christianity to Mithraism, are not in accordance with the latest Christian scholarship.

The author's treatment of the Mediæval period is quite inadequate, on account of his failure to understand the ecclesiastical history of the period and to appreciate fully the influence of the Church and of Christianity from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the seventeenth, when those influences were supreme. He pays, however (II, pp. 63, 64), an eloquent tribute to the influence of the unknown Christian saints that "through those ages cleared the air and made a better world possible", and he rightly ascribes this to "that Spirit of Jesus which still lived and lives still at the core of Christianity". "We realize", he continues (p. 75), "that, in spite of much weakness and intellectual and moral unsoundness, to this extent the Christian Church has *worked*."

In the preaching of Urban II and Peter the Hermit with the widespread popular response, "for the first time we discover Europe with an idea and a soul!"—and the result is the Crusades, which were spectacular enough, but whose influence is easily overestimated. Wells has omitted any reference to Nicholas I, the greatest pope of the ninth century, and to the Forged Decretals of the same period, which were the foundation of the later papacy and of the whole mediæval ecclesiastical system.

He fails to discuss adequately the affiliation of the large movements of the period, the real reason for the separation of the East and the West, the establishment of the papacy, the rise of the temporal power, feudalism, the empire, monasticism, and scholasticism; and there are several inexcusable gaps in his section on the "Defects and Limitations of the Papacy".

On the subject of Scholasticism, the author fails to grasp the central thought. "Plato as distinguished from Aristotle was almost unknown. Some Neo-Platonic writers were known, but Neo-Platonism had much the same relation to Plato that Christian Science has to Christ." (II, p. 169). It is sufficient to draw attention to such a misstatement of the facts. Mr. Ernest Baker's criticisms in the footnotes do not help to clear up the difficulties, and he is clearly in error in his note on the author's correct statement (p. 171), "that the philosophy of the Catholic Church was essentially a Realist philosophy". Thomas Aquinas gave the final and complete form to the philosophy of the Catholic

Church, and his philosophy was the quintessence of Realism. Nominalism had a temporary triumph in the schools, but Thomas remained supreme in the Church, and Pius V gave him the fifth place among the Latin *Doctores Ecclesiae*. Wells omits to mention St. Anselm and St. Bernard.

It was through Nominalism and teachers like Occam and Marsilius of Padua, of the fifteenth century, that modern individualism and democracy arose and found their theoretical justification, with an inspiring influence on national consciousness. Here again, as our author clearly sees, is the influence, not of the teachings and life, nor of the theology, but of the Spirit of Jesus as the basis of true individualism—the supreme worth of the individual soul.

“The Church and the Christian missionary may not have intended to spread equalitarian doctrines, but behind the Church was the unquenchable personality of Jesus of Nazareth, and even in spite of himself the Christian preacher brought the seeds of freedom and responsibility with him, and sooner or later they shot up where he had been.” (II, pp. 157, 158).

Little or nothing is related of the battles of the fifteenth century. “They are the ornamental tapestry of history, and no part of the building.” (II, p. 179). Yet these very battles marked the downfall of Feudalism, the rise of Nationalism and the formation of a national consciousness in the people themselves.

In general, the picturesque and dramatic naturally appeal to Mr. Wells more than do the historical aspects. The book thereby gains in color and vividness, but loses in scientific value. There are three pages concerning Loyola, and only a few lines on the Jesuits. More attention is paid to the personality of Charles V than to the principles and progress of the Lutheran Revolution and its significance in world history. His keen insight is shown, however, in a sentence on page 272: “Protestantism in breaking up the universal Church had for a time broken up the idea of a universal human solidarity. Even if the universal Church of the Middle Ages had failed altogether to realize that idea, it had at any rate been the symbol of that idea.” But really the fine passages exhibiting exceptional analysis and

insight, striking judgments, stimulating illustrations and illuminating interpretations, are too many to quote, or even to enumerate.

When he comes to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the "Age of the Great Powers" (Book VIII) Wells gives the clearest evidences of his great ability as a descriptive writer; and the political, social, scientific, religious and philosophical aspects of the modern period are brought out with accurate and vigorous analysis.

We may ascribe to his English prejudice his treatment of Napoleon. However one may estimate the personal character of Napoleon, the historian must recognize his supreme importance in preserving and maintaining the essential principles of the French Revolution, in stamping them indelibly upon the French people and in extending their influence throughout Europe, as the most important fact of the nineteenth century.

The story of the nineteenth century is perhaps the best part of the work. The criticism of the Congress of Vienna in 1815 brings out its striking contrast to that of Versailles in 1919; and the results of the former are clearly shown. The condemnation of Napoleon is brilliant and forceful, even if somewhat one-sided.

The outline of the task of the present world, with a graphic description of the Mechanical Revolution and of the Industrial Revolution, rightly distinguished from each other, with a summary of results since 1848, forms a most interesting and valuable section, which is followed by a sympathetic discussion of the various socialistic theories attempting to solve the great industrial problem.

"The problem in its completeness involves the working out of the best methods in the following departments: Education (preparation of the individual); Information (truthful, clear publicity); Representation (informed and obedient agents); The Executive (responsible without being hampered in intelligent initiative); Thought and Research (systematic criticism and popular judgment)." (II, pp. 413, 414.)

"An enormous amount of intellectual toil and discussion and education and many years—whether decades or centuries no man can tell—must intervene before a new order, planned as ships and railways are planned, runs, as the

cables and the postal deliveries run, over the whole surface of our earth. And until such a new order draws mankind together with its net, human life . . . must become more and more casual, dangerous, miserable, anxious and disastrous." (II, p. 416).

The discussion (II, pp. 416-426) of the basis and methods of the controversy between science and orthodoxy in the last century, and its unfortunate effects on religion and humanitarianism, is highly illuminating, and merits more than a passing notice.

The closing chapters show the growth of imperialism, which is strikingly characterized as "megalomaniac nationalism", culminating in a description of the World War and its results so far as known.

In his conclusion Wells justifies his work in a description of "The Next Age in History" which is to usher in "The Federal World State":—

"Our true God now is the God of all men. Nationalism as a God must follow the tribal gods to limbo. Our true nationality is mankind. Religion and education, those closely interwoven influences, have made possible the greater human societies. We have found, in the intellectual and theological conflicts of the nineteenth century, the explanation of that curious exceptional disentanglement of religious teaching from formal education which is a distinctive feature of our age, and we have traced the consequences of this phase of religious disputation and confusion, in the reversion of international politics towards a brutal nationalism, and in the backward drift of industrial and business life towards harsh, selfish, and uncreative profit-seeking. There has been a slipping off of ancient restraints; a real *de-civilization* of men's minds. We would lay stress here on the suggestion that this divorce of religious teaching from organized education is necessarily a temporary one, a transitory dislocation, and that presently education must become again in intention and spirit religious, and that the impulse to devotion, to universal service and to a complete escape from self, which has been the common underlying force in all the great religions of the last five and twenty centuries, an impulse which ebbed so perceptibly during the prosperity, laxity, disillusionment, and scepticism of the past

seventy or eighty years, will reappear again, stripped and plain, as the recognized fundamental structural impulse in human society. Education is the preparation of the individual for the community, and his religious training is the core of that training." (II, pp. 581-582.)

These are strong words and they are true words. They are the deliberate conclusion of one who has shown himself a comprehensive student of history, a keen observer of human nature and of the conditions and needs of the times, as well as a real thinker. "Human history", he concludes, "becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe."

His prophecy of a Federal World State is undoubtedly a true prophecy of what will and must at last be realized. But beyond this, may we not see the self-realization of the nation through the federation of nations, just as we behold the self-realization and redemption of the individual through and only through the brotherhood of man? For federation and brotherhood mean coöperation and mutual service, and only through these can the highest be attained, either by the nation or by the individual.

There are three phases of human history: (1) Solidarity; (2) Individualism; (3) Personality, in its complete and perfect form, through the solidarity (the federation of nations and of individuals) of which it is an integral part and final purpose. For the perfection of personality, the realization of the image of God in which humanity is created, must be the purpose of creation and the goal of the centuries of history. In those great words of St. Paul:—

"The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope, because the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

CHARLES L. WELLS.

The University of the South.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SYSTEM OF ANIMATE NATURE. By J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1920. Two Vols. Pp. vii and v, 687.

Contemporary biologists are concerned largely with ways and means, with analysis of life mechanisms, and with causes and exact—even mathematical—calculations as to these causes and their effects. Natural history has for the time taken a back place in natural science, and the naturalist has given way to the geneticist, the morphologist, the physiologist, and other specialists. But his class is not yet extinct, nor has it lost all of its great proponents. Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of the University of Aberdeen, is a naturalist of the old school. He has a breadth of knowledge and a will to popularize that make one think of Huxley and Hæckel, and a literary style that compares with that of Darwin or that of Gilbert White.

The System of Animate Nature is, according to the announcement of the publishers, the *magnum opus* of a very great scientist. It "carries a message to the general reader and scientist alike, and shows that careful study of the organic world leads to no such fatalism and 'natural irreligion' as has in the past generation been regarded as its logical outcome". The book consists of twenty lectures, each written in admirable English. They purport to give a general survey of the organic world and its bearings upon theology and philosophy. Without question, the completeness of this survey and the clearness with which its essential facts are presented to the reader are the outstanding things about the book.

Professor Thomson has a philosophy of nature and religion that I am not quite able to grasp. It is a sort of mysticism that, resting upon facts and seemingly confined to them, still goes far beyond them. This mysticism has no connection with scientific analysis, yet it strongly colors the author's scientific philosophy and, according to him, inevitably leads to religion. The religion seems to be much like the philosophy—mystical, yet rational to a far greater degree than is common among religions. Those who are orthodox will not be offended by it, although they will

probably believe it untrue.. Those who doubt whether science and religion can ever be made good companions will find Professor Thomson's religion one that they can respect, and that will never interfere with scientific progress.

As a survey of the big facts of zoölogy, and particularly of animal evolution, *The System of Animate Nature* is immensely worth while. The second volume is a long discussion of evolutionary facts and theories that, for the general reader as well as the scientist, has few equals. But unfortunately there are several minor, yet rather striking, defects in the work. The statement, in the section on the origin of life, that "As everyone knows, there was a time when the temperature of our earth was beyond the endurance even of the mythical salamander", shows that Professor Thomson is ignorant of some of the most fundamental facts of modern geology. The Laplacian idea of a molten globe was disproved two decades ago, and it is unpleasant to find its ghost haunting biological works to-day. It seems strange, also, that a scientist who has made a special study of the facts of evolution should not take the trouble to correlate them with the facts of earth history, but this Professor Thomson has not done.

He also involves himself in needless difficulties when he argues that consciousness cannot be thought of as arising from motion, and when he maintains the objectivity of beauty. Instead of following the sane, natural, and wholly defensible conclusion that beauty is purely subjective, resting on individual preference, he attempts to show that beauty is something definite, natural, purposed. Now for me, Cezanne's "Man on a Balcony" is very beautiful, and the discords of modern French opera are highly pleasing. Yet I have a friend who believes that art ended with the Barbizons, and that Wagner is the greatest of opera composers. To me an elephant is beautiful, but my friend stands in admiration before a Java finch, which I abominate. And no amount of argument by Professor Thomson or his followers can convince me that either the elephant or the finch, the Cezanne or the Raphael, *Lohengrin* or *Jaquerie*, is of itself beautiful or hideous. There is nothing beautiful unless someone thinks it is beautiful. Beauty is no more objective than art is objective,

no more naturally ordained than is what we consider hideousness. The mere fact that a 'hideous' parasite carefully tucks itself out of sight proves nothing more than the fact that it is not advantageous for it to live in the open. If the parasite can think, it is quite satisfied with its own appearance; if it cannot think, it at least cannot be dissatisfied. The idea of beauty as an objective factor in the universe is open to too many objections to count for a great deal.

After all, however, these faults are not great when placed against the many good qualities of the book. They are neither difficult to perceive nor hard to avoid, and they make up a small part of the whole. "The Grand Strategy of Evolution" is interesting and in the main reliable, and demands attention as unique among recent scientific books. Anyone—orthodox, heterodox, or neutral; naturalist, specialist, or philosopher; savant or layman—will find in it a great deal worth careful study.

CARROLL LANE FENTON.

The University of Chicago.

THE NEW STONE AGE IN NORTHERN EUROPE. By John M. Tyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. Pp. 307.

The story of man has been carried back to periods antedating history by a number of capable studies in recent years, especially that of Osborn in his *Men of the Old Stone Age*, to which this work of Professor Tyler's may be regarded as a sequel. Grant's *Passing of the Great Race* is somewhat too radical or one-sided in its theories and H. G. Wells's panoramic romance of history, although it will interest more readers, perhaps, leads too inevitably to certain sociological preconceptions of the author. *The New Stone Age of Northern Europe* is founded partly on facts and partly on scientific imagination so skilfully interwoven as to make an even texture, and its theories are so modestly set forth as to insure their kind reception. It can now be safely admitted, with the author, that "most of the germs, and many of the determinants of our modern institutions and civilization can be recognized in the habits, customs, and life of the Neolithic

period", and orthodox evolutionists will appreciate the following presentation of their views:—

"The upward march of our ancestors was neither easy nor rapid. They were anything but precocious. They were always ready to balk at progress, stiff-necked creatures who had to be driven and sternly held in the line of progress by stronger competitors. The ancestors of vertebrates maintained the swimming habit, which resulted in the development of the internal skeleton and finally of a backbone, not because it was easiest or most desirable, but because any who went to the rich feeding-grounds of the sea-bottom were eaten up by the molluscs and crabs. Our earliest air-breathing ancestors were crowded toward, and finally to the land, and into air-breathing by the pressure of stronger marine forms, like sharks, or by climatic changes. Reptiles, not mammals, dominated the earth throughout the Mesozoic era, and harried our ancestors into agility and wariness; at a later period the apes remained in the school of arboreal life mainly because the ground was forbidden and policed by the Carnivora. They and their forebears were compelled to forego some present ease and comfort, but always kept open the door to the future.

"In spite of all this vigorous policing, malingerers and deserters turned aside from the upward line of march at every unguarded point or fork in the road, escaped from the struggle, and settled down in ease and stagnation or degeneration, like our very distant cousins, the monkeys and lower apes. Long continued progress is a marked exception; and is maintained only by the 'saving remnant'. And these continue to progress mainly because Nature is always 'a-chivying of them and telling them to move on', as Poor Joe said of Detective Bucket, and her guiding wand is the spur of necessity."

The beginnings of civilization can be carried beyond 5,000 B. C. in Mesopotamia and to still earlier settlements in central Asia, notably at Anau, where Pumpelly in 1904 made some remarkable discoveries and laid bare a culture which is dated at somewhat before 8,000 B. C. The story can be carried back still further, however, and our author cites Montelius, who places the beginnings of Neolithic culture on the Iranian plateau at about 18,000 B. C., or somewhat earlier.

The next problem was to ascertain the real source of Neolithic progress. Tyler finds it in the fact that many peoples were closing in from various directions on the central provinces of northern Europe, which thus became a 'melting-pot' for the fusion of these peoples and their cultures. As he puts it:—

" . . . There was conflict of customs and ideas, of *ways* of life. There was probably much incompatibility, many broken heads. The pacific people of the banded pottery seem largely to have withdrawn, or been driven out, before the infiltration or invasions of northern folk. It was hardly a comfortable place for conservative pacifists. There were doubtless battles in many regions—perhaps now and here we might speak of wars. In some places there may have been extermination of the fighting men. But in most parts there was large fusion, and out of this mixture of cultures, ideas, thoughts, and habits of life came the culture of the beginning of the Bronze Age."

The twelfth and last chapter is given up to a general discussion of the origin or origins of the Indo-Europeans, or what Müller called the Aryans. Speech rather than race is the principle for this classification, the population of the state or states using it must have been composite, and Tyler thinks that—

"We may well recognize two homes, the first original cradle of the language and culture, and the second homeland, far more extensive, over which the original language, probably with well-marked dialects, was used just before the final separation and dispersal."

The problem is left unsettled for the present whether the first Indo-Europeans lived on the steppes of Turkestan, the shores of the Baltic, or the open country of Southern Russia just north of the Black Sea. Professor Tyler's account of Neolithic culture is illuminating, and he links the people of this remote age so intimately with the present that it may be regarded as proved that to understand modern history, modern culture, social institutions and religion, we cannot neglect the New Stone Age any more than we can neglect Babylon, Egypt, Judæa, Greece, Rome,—the civilizations which have already been recognized as constituting the foundations of the modern world.

More remains to be done on the migration routes of prehistoric man, and the rôle of North Africa in those early movements may be of greater importance than is now supposed. New discoveries are continually coming to light and the closely woven web of the most skilfully imaginative theories may be rent in twain by a few flints in a rude barrow. But in its essentials this book will stand as authoritative for some time. The author has done a real service in showing that prehistoric man was not such a brute, not such a savage as it has hitherto pleased the fancy to regard him; and that the higher races of to-day may really be nearer to him than they are to other races which have undergone a retrogression from that primitive culture.

J. B. EDWARDS.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. ix, 295.

"This book", as Mr. Van Doren modestly states in his Preface, "is meant to serve as a chapter in the history of the American imagination . . . a record of the national imagination as exhibited in the progress of native fiction." Thus the author finds excuse for including in his narrative (the word is used advisedly) not only discussions of Hawthorne, Cooper, Howells, Mark Twain, and Henry James, but also of about four hundred and sixty-seven—I made no count: it is simply my impression!—lesser luminaries. Since the book, exclusive of bibliography and index, is but two hundred and seventy-one pages long, the author's statement that "Criticism has therefore had to wait a little on exposition" needs no comment. Merely to list the novels which have been 'best sellers' in America during the last hundred and fifty years and to summarize their plots—as Mr. Van Doren does more or less fully in his treatment of every novel of the least prominence—is a task of sufficient magnitude to require a goodly majority of the two hundred and seventy-one.

Mr. Van Doren deserves great credit, however, for accomplishing in respectable form a task which has long awaited someone with energy enough to complete it. He succeeds in bringing a fine semblance of order out of what has had the ap-

pearance of chaos. His book is divided into but ten chapters, each taking up a new phase in the "history of the American imagination", and showing how particular authors and novels are related to it. In his zeal to make the record complete, however, the author has lost considerable perspective—and the reader does likewise—by dwelling too much on writers and books long forgotten. The broad path of development is lost sight of in exploring the by-ways.

"The unpartisan and historical character of the book", says the Preface, "accounts also for the proportions assigned to exposition and criticism. It had to be borne in mind that, though there are useful critical studies of particular American novelists, no extended study of the American novel, in its various phases, has heretofore been made." Consequently the criticism, for the most part, presents merely the conventional points of view. To the reader who knows little about Hawthorne or Howells or Cooper, the book affords brief, but on the whole correct estimates; he who expects to find original criticism will be disappointed.

Many readers will take exception to the opinion that *The Scarlet Letter* and *Huckleberry Finn* are the two greatest American novels, as they will to Mr. Van Doren's estimate of Henry James, whom he regards somewhat unsympathetically.

"He [James] is the creator of a world . . . full of works of art and learning and intelligence, a world infinitely refined, a world perfectly civilized. In real life the danger to such a world is that it may be overwhelmed by some burly rush of actuality from without. In literature the danger is in that such a world will gradually fade out as dreams fade, and as the old romances of feudalism have already faded. Elaborate systems of decorum pass away; it is only the simpler manners of men which live forever."

To the James enthusiast, of course, this will be nothing less than heresy; nor will the description of James's style as "smoothly ironical, dexterously enwinding" be more pleasing.

It is interesting to note how well the author succeeds in divorcing his subject from the history of the English novel. If the index is to be trusted—and it seems to be unusually exhaustive—Dickens and Thackeray are mentioned but four times each, and

George Eliot not at all. Scott's name occurs more frequently, though usually in a negative connection; Mr. Van Doren attempts to show that any seeming influence of his is more apparent than real. Although he says nothing about it, the author's theory seems to be that the American novel is almost entirely a separate development, owing but very little to England or France or Russia.

As a whole, the book is by no means the last word on the history of the American novel. It is valuable as being a pioneer work, but it will soon be superseded.

W. P. JONES.

Cornell University

THE HOUSE OF LYNCH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1920. Pp. x, 324.

Mr. Merrick's preoccupation as a writer is not quite that of the *illuminati* of his generation: he is not markedly subjective, and does not believe, apparently, that the psychological novel is supreme. True, his atmospheres have verity; his characterizations are, if swiftly implied and suggested, by no means unconvincing; but it is upon plot, upon surprise and suspense and the dramatic crisis and reversal, that he depends for his very human effects. He is not a very skilful analyzer of motives, of—

"The soul o' the purpose, ere 't is shaped as act,"

adroitly though he impels his feminine characters to realize themselves through whim and impulse. Indeed, Mr. Merrick's spirit is far more companionable than philosophic, more ardent than sagacious.

Nevertheless, he is a citizen of his own time in the increasing interest he is showing in social problems, particularly those involving conflict between true and conventional morality. In the present novel, he is concerned with the moral danger involved in the life of such a social monstrosity as a multi-millionaire whose wealth has been gained through deceits, treacheries and brutalities 'within the law'. Jordan B. Lynch has achieved his capitalistic power by means of just such a programme, and has

succeeded in justifying himself to himself on the ground that business is business, as chess is chess, and that both must be managed with detached ruthlessness. He has a son, Howard, whose early death puts an end to a "a profligacy of lassitude", and a daughter, Betty, who resembles her mother, a gentlewoman. Betty, of course, is spoiled, and when she falls in love with an English artist, Richard Keith, a poor man who worships her but who doggedly refuses to marry her unless she foregoes further financial dependence upon her father, her scornful reaction gives way to a determination matching his own: she will, in any case, marry him! How she brings this to pass is related, as are also the early bliss of the couple; their practical difficulties; the increasing strain their love suffers in the face of need and of vulgar surroundings; the visit of Jordan Lynch to their London villa and his unsuccessful war of words with Keith; the struggles of Betty to persuade herself that Keith must be right and that her natural longing for at least a minimum of the old comfort is wrong; the birth of a baby and his critical illness owing to the lack of good air; Betty's arrival at the breaking-point when an operation on the child becomes necessary, and her application to Lynch for help; her growing estrangement from Keith; her return to her father in New York; her clear-sighted repentance there and her decision to go back to England and sustain herself in a small village on the hundred pounds a year left her by her grandfather, until she could learn how, in all sincerity, to be a poor man's wife; Keith's growing reputation as a painter and his unceasing hunger for her presence; Jordan Lynch's death and her sole inheriting of his fortune; her plan to distribute the tainted millions among worthy charities; Keith's discovery of the whereabouts of herself and child, and the happy reunion of the little family, facing a wholesome and promising future.

Such is the story, and it is told with much skill, and with a justified emphasis upon dialogue and conversation as advancing action and displaying character. Its movement is very rapid, but the scenario obviously calls for swift action, for nervous sketching-in, which, of course, is by no means incompatible with really good realistic work, as both Mr. Merrick and Mr. Swinnerton have shown. An objection should be registered, how-

ever, to the ironic passage on page 36 as out of harmony with what the story elsewhere proclaims to be the really 'heroic' quality of the love in question:—

"Though Keith was by no means essential to her happiness, she fancied that he was, and a sentimental illusion may create quite as much ferment as an heroic love."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton supplies a short but capable introduction.

THE EASTERN QUESTION AND ITS SOLUTION. By Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Company. 1920.

This book is one of the by-products of a great scholar whose death is a heavy loss to the world of scholarship and letters. All men of letters, sooner or later, reach the point in their development where they become Athenians. All Athenians fancy that they are statesmen and fully qualified to appear in a Platonic dialogue with plans for remodelling states. Prophecy is one of their ways of entertaining themselves and interesting and instructing the public. This book is both instructive and interesting. The reasons suggested for the failure of the diplomacy of the Western powers in the Levant are good and the survey of conditions in the lands involved is, I believe, approximately correct for the time it was written. The suggestion that the question can be solved by internationalism does not, however, suit the real wishes either of England or of America, and storms will rise in the East for many years to come. There are as many solutions of the Eastern question as there are peoples or nations interested, and what the final settlement will be lies in the lap of chance. My own knowledge of the factors that determine the problem is too slight for any attempt at a more exact valuation, but it seems that the march of events itself has placed this work among 'occasional pieces'. It is written in an agreeable style—the master is out for a holiday—yet with undoubted insight into the situation, and two of its conclusions rather appeal to conservative Americans: first, that the Eastern Question can never be settled satisfactorily without the coöpera-

tion of the United States; and, second, that the United States should assume no responsibilities, such as a mandate over any Eastern land. It goes without saying that a brochure by so eminent an authority must be included in the bibliography of any study of the Eastern Question.

J. B. E.

MORALE: THE SUPREME STANDARD OF LIFE AND CONDUCT. By G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1920. Pp. 378.

Although it is fairly safe to say that many readers will enjoy and profit by President Hall's collection of notes on what he takes to be the new conception of morale evolved by the Great War, it is equally safe to predict that there will be no fulfilment of the wish which he rather strangely advances as follows: "I would fain hope it [the book] may be worthy of a place as a text-book in some of our higher institutions of learning, perhaps in place of the types of ethics now in use". If in spite of the book's lack of system, and its evident failure to cover the field of the 'old' ethics, some university or other should allow teaching of such 'morale' to displace the older philosophy of conduct, we should regard President Hall as having shown a practical sagacity hardly to be expected under the circumstances.

President Hall as an author illuminates and renders stimulating everything he touches. Even the general reader will find much wisdom and more information in this interesting collection of notes, while all may well heed the last paragraph of the book, with its true message of hope:—

"Thus, although Pandora has opened her old box and again let loose all its evils upon mankind, we find a new hope at the bottom, viz., personal, civic, social, industrial, and religious morale, the acme of healthfulness of body and soul. Like the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, our appeal is now from Mansoul sick to Mansoul well, and we must and will believe that this appeal will be heard."

T. P. BAILEY.

LABOR'S CHALLENGE TO THE SOCIAL ORDER: DEMOCRACY ITS OWN CRITIC AND EDUCATOR. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 441.

The author's early book, *The Social Unrest*, is an admirably tempered piece of work, in which it is clearly shown that 'socialism' is gradually learning its limitations, especially the necessity of recognizing certain forms of private property; whereas capitalism is becoming used to various principles of coöperation that smack of socialism, and is getting its 'individualism' socialized to an appreciable degree.

In the present book, although Mr. Brooks's style is rather less compact than before, with a tendency toward the note-book form of repetitiousness and garrulity, this unpartisan, warm-hearted but cool-headed student of social conditions gives us a work that is as valuable practically as it is suggestive theoretically. And yet the book shares with others of its kind the strange lack of interest in the fundamental problem of unemployment. How curious that the League of Nations' economic programme, as well as that of various religious and economic organizations, should make so much of what is perhaps the most sinister and dangerous fact of economic life—unemployment; and yet that so little should be done, either theoretically or practically, to secure *and enforce* work for all.

We can best do justice to this useful and sensible book by calling the reader's attention to an example of Mr. Brooks's method, manner and material:—

“‘Is there anything of sacredness or finality in a distribution of wealth which surfeits the few while it pinches the many?’ In most Utopian programmes is the expressed belief that these extremes are largely due to laws and customs made by the strong and the lucky. It is believed that law, custom and conditions may be so changed by the infused democracy that at least all ‘undeserved poverty’ may be removed. Only in a negligibly few of the programmes is there a claim for anything like absolute and literal equality. But an equality in which ‘every faculty shall have its chance’; in which artificial privilege in its grosser and subtler shapes shall be cut out—this is everywhere in evidence in these schemes of regeneration. Oftenest too the concept of property

is the rock which causes the first schism. So clearly is this seen in the religious period by the more spiritual leaders that all means are used toward utmost simplicity of life. . . . What then is it that slowly undermines this abnegation? Why do those who start careless of private possessions end by quarrelling over them? It is chiefly because men gradually discover that property, personality and power go hand in hand. As long as the religious motive is supreme, this connection is obscured; but every step toward the secular standard shows the relation between private possession and personal realization and control over men and over events." (p. 151).

T. P. BAILEY.

CHARLES LEWIS COCKE, FOUNDER OF HOLLINS COLLEGE. By W. R. L. Smith. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1921.

In these days, when nearly all colleges and universities in our country open their doors to women on equal terms with men, it is not easy to realize that in the South the development of higher education for women was slow and gradual, having to overcome inherited prejudice on the part of intelligent people and gross ignorance on the part of the masses. To educate women on equal terms with men, even to give them similar college courses, was considered a dangerous experiment, so that the pioneers in the cause were men and women of unusual courage and faith and persistence.

Of these pioneers one of the most notable was Charles Lewis Cocke, founder of Hollins Institute, now Hollins College, whose career as an educator extended from 1840 to 1901. Beginning his life as a teacher in Richmond College in 1840, he was called, five years later, at the age of twenty-five, to take charge of the Valley Union Seminary, a school for boys and girls at Botetourt Springs, Roanoke County, Virginia. The first session opened July 1st with thirty-six boys and twenty-seven girls. In 1852 the department for boys was discontinued and the school was reopened under the name of The Female Seminary at Botetourt Springs. In 1855 Mr. and Mrs. John Hollins, of Lynchburg, Virginia, donated to the Seminary five thousand dollars, a munificent sum in that day, and in recognition of their generosity the

name of the institution was changed to Hollins Institute. From the very beginning, the development of the school was due to the heroic personality of Mr. Cocke and to his devoted wife and children, all able coadjutors, one of whom succeeded him and is now carrying on his work. He endured hardships and surmounted difficulties that would have daunted any ordinary man. With dogged persistence, quiet courage, contagious enthusiasm, unquenchable faith in his mission, and remarkable vision, he labored day by day for his 'girls' and laid the foundation for a woman's college which now ranks among the best in the South.

In 1857, in a report to his board of trustees, he made a notable statement:—

"The plan and policy of our school must be considered the true one. This plan recognizes the principle that in the present state of society in our country young ladies require the same thorough mental training as that offered to young men; and accordingly in the arrangement of the course of study and the selection of teachers and the conferment of distinctions, we have kept the principle steadily in view."

The significance of these words may be appreciated when it is remembered that Vassar opened its doors in 1865 and Wellesley in 1875.

Eight years after the founder's death the Institute was standardized on the basis of a four-years' college course offering the bachelor's degree, and a new charter was secured from the legislature changing the name to Hollins College. New buildings have been erected from year to year, new courses of study have been introduced, and the faculty has been strengthened, so that the ideals of the grand old man, whose good gray head all the girls knew so well, have been splendidly realized. It is a record of which few modern colleges can boast,—buildings, equipment, faculty, courses, all the product of one man's brain and evolved in his lifetime with little endowment save native ability and native pluck. By the Hollins girls all over the country the memory of Mr. Cocke is loved and revered. They will read with pleasure and increased admiration for his work and character the record of his life written by his son-in-law, Rev. W. R. L. Smith.

Others who did not know him will value the book as a contribution to the history of education in the South and as a faithful and interesting presentation of a noble character.

JOHN M. MCBRYDE, JR.

Tulane University.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press. 1920. Pp. 91.

This translation of the *Agamemnon* is easily classifiable with the translations by Browning and Fitzgerald. Good translations are still rare, and it often happens that anthologies are compelled to use inferior translations because of copyrights jealously guarded. In such a market good wares are apt to be overvalued, and at first glance readers may incline to fancy that the unattainable has at last been achieved. I have seen no translation more likely to induce such a feeling than Gilbert Murray's *Agamemnon*. His golden numbers recall enough of the iron fire of the warrior poet from Eleusis to merit close comparison with Browning. Two passages may suffice to indicate the merits and the difficulties of both translations:—

“τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδῶ—
σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
στάζει δ' ἐν θ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
μνησιπήμων πόνος· καὶ παρ' αἶ—
κοιτας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βιαίως
σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.” —ll. 176-183.

“Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,
Appoints that suffering masterfully teach.
In sleep, before the heart of each,
A woe-remembering travail sheds in dew
Discretion,—ay, and melts the unwilling too
By what, perchance, may be a graciousness
Of gods, enforced no less,—
As they, commanders of the crew,
Assume the awful seat.”

—Browning.

"Zeus the Guide who made man turn
Thoughtward, Zeus, who did ordain
Man by suffering shall learn
So the heart of him again
Aching with remembered pain,
Bleeds and sleepeth not, until
Wisdom comes against his will,
'Tis the gift of one by strife
Lifted to the throne of life."

—Murray.

"μεγαλόμητις εἶ,
περίφρονα δ' ἔλακες, ὥσπερ οὖν
φονολιβεῖ τύχα φρὴν ἐπιμαίνεται
λίπος ἐπ' ὀμμάτων αἵματος εὖ πρέπειν.
ἀτίετον ἔτι σὲ χρὴ στερομέναν φίλων
τύμμα τύμματι τεῖσαι." —ll. 1426-1430.

"Greatly-intending thou art;
Much-mindful, too, hast thou cried
(Since my mind, with its slaughter-outpouring part,
Is frantic) that over the eyes, a patch
Of blood—with blood to match
Is plain for a pride!
Yet still, bereft of friends, thy fate
Is—blow with blow to expiate."

—Browning.

"Thy thought, it is very proud,
Thy breath is the scorner's breath!
Is not the madness loud
In thy heart, being drunk with death?
Yea, and above thy brow
A star of the wet blood burneth!
Oh, doom shall have yet her day,
The last friend cast away,
When lie doth answer lie
And a stab for a stab returneth!"

—Murray.

The slughorn has been dauntlessly blown. This latest translation is sympathetic with the distinction that attaches to scholarship and understanding, and there are passages where it rises to that which attaches to emotional inspiration, such as, for example, the lines beginning—

"And winds, winds blew from Strymon river."

Translations, however, after all, even the best, belong to a peculiar category. Make it ever so much his own, the translator

can never perfectly reproduce the work translated. There will always remain in his memory floating patterns of rhythm, intriguing niceties of language and thought, which in a stranger, even if finely decorative garb, appear as but shadowy ghosts, no longer as flesh and blood. I believe that if this translation should be acted, the power of Æschylus would inform it; but in the reading something of grimness, of desolation, of awe remains locked in the original. In the attempt to shift from our alien point of view to that of the Greek poet and his audience the notes of this little book are decidedly valuable. Sir Gilbert Murray, not only in this work but in numerous other translations, has interpreted the spirit of a people and an age which remains vital in the life and thought of western civilization.

J. B. EDWARDS.

SELECTED POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. 308.

This new volume of Mr. Yeats's poetry is admirably balanced as representing his Early Poems, his poetic dramas and his lyrical variousness. Among the first is the beautiful *Lake Isle of Innisfree*, written in London when Yeats was lonely and homesick, *The Fiddler of Dooney*, *When You Are Old*, and *The Indian Upon God*. Of the dramas, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Countess Cathleen*, *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, and *Baile Aillinn*, *Deirdre* and *On Baile's Strand*, are included. Of the middle and later lyrics we may note especially *The Folly of Being Comforted*, *Never Give All the Heart*, *Adam's Curse*, *The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water*, *Friends* (with which Hardy's *A Poet* may be usefully compared), *No Second Troy*, *Reconciliation*, *The Cold Heaven*, *To a Child Dancing in the Wind*, *The Mountain Tomb*, *To a Friend whose Work has Come to Nothing*, *Running to Paradise*, *The Mask*, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, *Men Improve with the Years*, *The Collar-bone of a Hare* and *On Woman*.

Mr. Yeats is a sincere, successful, delicately sensitive poet. But his programme, like his spirit, wavers. Arthur Symonds has always been his close friend, yet Symonds himself has said

that "Art hates the vague, but not the mysterious". We think that Mr. Yeats does not always observe this distinction with sufficient care. Of late his work has tended to become a sort of vague lyric echo of his earlier songs,—too cool, too considered, too thinly aloof. As his critical biographer, Forrest Reid, intimates, he has become rather too much the theorist in both his art and his philosophy. Yet he is a true Romantic and a true Celt, whose best work has been done in the field of lyric and dramatic allegory. It is obvious that he has been greatly influenced by the profoundly manly mysticism of Blake, by the Pre-Raphaelites and by the French Symbolists, yet he is at once intensely Irish and universally human in the searching adventures of his imagination in the spirit and soil of the Ireland of folk and faery.

G. H. C.

POEMS OF THE ENGLISH RACE. Selected and Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden, Professor of English in Stanford University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. Pp. xxv, 410.

This is a fairly useful anthology of English and American poetry; it is far from excellent. Perhaps the principles governing its compilation automatically prevented that. It is intended to appeal especially to readers between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and it includes "practically all poems which are on the list of recommended readings for students in secondary schools". Past English poetry, save for some inexcusable omissions, especially those of Edmund Spenser and William Barnes, follows the normal range in selections of this kind. But how can any volume which undertakes to cull "from recent poetry almost up to the present hour" explain why it altogether ignores the works of Abercrombie, Binyon, Blunt, Bottomley, Brooke, Davidson, Davies, Dowson, Drinkwater, Flecker, Freeman, Gibson, Hardy, Hewlett, Hueffer, Lawrence, Ledwidge, Letts, Levy, T. Sturge Moore, Phillips, Phillpotts, Ross, Morley Roberts, Russell ("A. E."), Shanks, Sorley, Symons, Thirlmere, Thomas, Turner, Young, Wilde and Margaret L. Woods, while including specimens of the work of nearly twenty writers, contemporary for the most part, not one of whom is comparable in poetic power

and standing with any of the group just now mentioned? It must be said frankly that the American selections are poorly made. The division of the book into Narrative Poems and Lyrical and Reflective Poems is convenient, and the prefatory essay on poetry is so thoughtful that one regrets its brevity.

G. H. C.

THE ENCHANTED YEARS. A Book of Contemporary Verse. Edited by Professors John Calvin Metcalf and James Southall Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1921. Pp. ix, 157.

This collection of eighty poems has been dedicated by the contributing American and British writers to the University of Virginia on the occasion of its centenary. It is prefaced by three thoughtful and discriminating paragraphs—the work of the compilers—in which an account is given of the purpose of the volume and a brief evaluation presented of the poetic revival now going on in England, Ireland and America. Few of the poems included have previously appeared, so that the collection brings together virtually new work by such poets as Lord Dunsany, W. H. Davies, Grace Hazard Conkling, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, George Edward Woodberry, Olive Tilford Dargan, Winifred M. Letts, Theodosia Garrison, John Finley, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Drinkwater, Norreys Jephson O'Connor, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, Walter de la Mare, and a number of other writers of varying importance. Some of the poems deal directly with the history and genius of the University of Virginia; two attempt to interpret the spirit of Thomas Jefferson; while three or four are written in praise of past poets, including Keats, Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier and—most appropriately—Edgar Allan Poe. The collection is not only a worthy memorial, but a useful anthology of contemporary verse.

KOSTES PALAMAS. A HUNDRED VOICES AND OTHER POEMS. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 1920. Pp. 227.

This year is the hundredth anniversary of the independence of Greece. On Easter a hundred years ago the Patriarch of

Constantinople was murdered by the mob, the uprising had already taken place in the Morea and Turks and Greeks were fighting desperately, quarter being given by neither side. As had happened twenty-three centuries before in a fierce contest between liberty and despotism, between West and East, from the ruins arose a fairer age. And there began again on the isles of the Ægean and the easternmost peninsula of Europe a nation and a culture whose full importance to the western world is still to be realized. The agony and the triumph of the new nation, a people once enslaved, found ready expression in their literature, which must be considered a legitimate possessor of the ancient traditions, finding its expression in the same language, and deriving its power from many of the same sources.

Among the leading writers of this modern age in Greek literature the name of Kostas Palamas is by no means least; in his poetry their aspirations and their deepest feelings have found graceful and forceful expression. This recent translation of his poems is a companion to his *Life Immovable*, which was reviewed in the SEWANEE REVIEW for January, 1921. It seems to strike a clearer note than its predecessor. The translation is admirable, but the translator has perhaps wisely refrained from all attempt at reproducing the metres of the original. The translations suggest the lyric spirit of Palamas, and give a fair idea of his artistic technique. One of the most pleasing passages (p. 83) is here repeated, although of course, it does not suffice for that full appreciation which Palamas's work may merit:—

"New Greece, my humble mother, born of one
Who was most beautiful among all mothers,
Your children now, to hide their homeliness
And shame, call *you* a homely one and find
Disgrace in your new name. Yet on the peaks
Of high Olympus, bards and valiant men
Think of your name as sacred; while I write it
With shining golden letters on your forehead
And kiss it humbly on your bleeding feet."

The poem called *The Acraean* (p. 153) is worthy of high praise, but is too long to quote; and the introduction is right in pointing out the analogies in career and inspiration between the ancient bard and the modern poet. In another poem, *To the Body* (p. 223)

the spirit of the youth of the old Greece finds fitting reincarnation. We quote the first stanza:—

"Body of man, let glory shine on you,
The shell that like an easy sailing ship
Is steel against the billows of the sea,
Endures the beating of the winds and journeys
Through the flame revels of the sun."

J. B. E.

—
THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS. By Kermit Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920.

The public is eager for writings about the late Theodore Roosevelt, but when a book about him by his son appears, it is doubly welcome. The style of *The Happy Hunting Grounds* is simple and even boyish, but now and again the straightforward narrative of a man of action is raised above the commonplace by the stirring nature of the subject-matter. This fact is well shown in the account recorded in the opening chapter of the many black moments in Brazil during the descent of the River of Doubt, especially the account of Colonel Roosevelt's terrific fight against fever and a "plague of deep abscesses". Some elementary illustrations are explained by the notice that "if anything amusing occurred to a member of the expedition, father would embroider the happening in inimitable fashion". As the book is mostly about Mr. Roosevelt and is the work of one of his manly sons, it may well be read with interest by many admirers of the former President, in spite of the author's amateurish style.

L. W. F.

The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee ANNOUNCES

A new book by WALTER PRICHARD EATON entitled:

PENGUIN PERSONS AND PEPPERMINTS. The *première* "book beautiful" printed by The Press. (Nearly ready.)

TELL IT IN GATH. By JOSEPH A. OSGOODE. Cloth, 8 vo, pp. 215. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

The evident intention of the book is, first, to controvert the idea that New England Puritanism is or has been the keystone of the arch of American greatness, and, second, to show the part the South took in the building.

NEW ERA DECLAMATIONS. By Dean Benjamin Brawley. Boards, paper covered, pp. 108. Price, postpaid, 85¢.

Selections, modern, American, and humanitarian, with a Brief Talk on Public Speaking, and Biographical Notes of the Authors.

INTER-AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCES. By Charles Lyon Chandler. Second Edition, cloth, 12 mo., pp. viii, 187. Price, postpaid, \$1.25.

Legions of critics have pronounced it worth while and a book to last.

FOUR WEEKS IN THE MIDST OF THINGS. By Prof. John N. Ware. Paper covers, pp. 165. Price, postpaid, 75¢.

Diary at the outbreak of the War when the author was in Paris. Interesting, and becoming more so.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS of SEWANEE TENNESSEE

University of Wisconsin Studies

STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

No. 1.—British Criticisms of American Writings. 1783-1815. By William B. Cairns. Price, 50 cents.

A survey of British comment on American books during the nascent period of American national life, looking forward to an investigation into all aspects of the relations between the intellectual elements of the two nations during the first fifty years of American independence.

No. 2.—Studies by Members of the English Department. Price, \$1.00.

A volume of miscellaneous papers in various fields of English scholarship; dedicated to Professor F. G. Hubbard on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering the service of the University.

No. 5.—Classical Studies in Honor of Charles Forster Smith, by his colleagues. Price, \$1.00.

In Preparation

The Pestition of the *Roode en Witte Roos* in the Saga of King Richard III, by O. J. Campbell.

Goethe's Lyric Poems in English Translation prior to 1860, by Lucretia Van Tuyl Simmons.

STUDIES IN HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

No. 1.—The Colonial Citizen of New York City, by Robert Francis Seybolt. Price, 50 cents.

A source-study of the essential characteristics of citizenship practice in colonial New York City, indicating by documentary evidence the medieval English ancestry of the citizen of to-day.

Orders should be sent to the SECRETARY OF THE REGENTS, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

DAUNTLESS

Superior to All Flours
Made For Those Who Care For Quality

LIBERTY MILLS

NASHVILLE - - - TENNESSEE

Sterchi Brothers Furniture Co.

701, 703, 705 and 707 Broad Street

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Where

Furniture and Carpets Cost Less

Manufacturers

Jobbers

Retailers

Peerless Creamery Co.

Manufacturers of

FANCY SHERBETS, ICES AND
PASTEURIZED ICE CREAM

Local and Long Distance Telephone
Main 2877-2878

615-17-19-21 East Main Street - Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sam Werner Lumber Co.

(Incorporated)

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Ceiling, Flooring, Weatherboarding, Moulding,
Windows, Doors, Palings, Laths, Etc.

TRACY CITY - - - - - TENNESSEE

Fairness and Courtesy to the Traveller

Beauty in
Construction

Homelike
in
Atmosphere

Metro-
politan in
Service



The Infirmer

Best
Restaurant
in
the South

HARRY
HALFACRE
Manager

THE DISTINGUISHED HOTEL OF
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

BOOKS FREE FOR THE POSTAGE

TO MINISTERS, STUDENTS FOR THE
MINISTRY, AND FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

BY EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

Any or all of the following three cloth-bound volumes will be forwarded to any minister, theological student, or foreign missionary, who will send us 15c. to cover mailing cost for each book, without further cost or obligation of any sort.

ARCANA CÆLESTIA, VOL. 1

Takes up the first nine chapters of Genesis, verse by verse, and brings out the internal or spiritual meaning that lies within the literal story. It helps greatly in making clear the account of the Creation, of the Garden of Eden and of the Flood, and strengthens one's belief in the Holy Bible as the very Word of God. 585 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL

Gives a clear and rational explanation of the nature of death, of man's entrance into the spiritual world, and of the organization of that world and of the life therein. These presentations are in harmony with the teachings of Holy Scripture. 350 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM

Treats of the creation of the universe. Explains the trinity in God. 277 pages. Postage, 15 cents.

We act as Distributing Agents for these books, and can unreservedly recommend them as of great value in your work. In order to secure these books enclose currency or stamps and address Department D.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

EAST WASHINGTON SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA

Auto Accessories, Electrical, Plumbing, Mining,
Mill, Railroad, Contractors' and Factory

SUPPLIES

Hardware, Paints, Roofing, and Machinery

"We give service and sell supplies"

JAMES SUPPLY Co. CHATTANOOGA,
UST-RIGHT SERVICE TENN.

Mills & Lupton Supply Co.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERIOR SERVICE

Everything for the Industries

Phones, Main 115, 608, 1475, 5008

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The Silk Store

of the State for
Seventy Years.

We will be pleased to
send you samples.

¶ Foulards of the best
quality—both in solid
colors and figured.

¶ *Crepe Venus* for skirts.

¶ Silks in Gingham ef-
fects.

¶ White Silks of beauty
and fine quality.

Thompson & Co.

Fifth Avenue Nashville, Tenn.

W. A. Case & Son Mfg. Co.

170 Second Avenue, North
Nashville, Tenn.

Supplies for Plumbers,
Steam-Fitters,
Mills
and Factories.

Vitro Closets, Perfection
Indoor Chemical
Closets,
Mueller Pipeless Fur-
naces and Kenney
Curtainless Showers.

Special List of Publications of The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

General Kirby-Smith

By ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. Cloth, 12mo; about 300 pages. With photogravure portrait. A valuable contribution to American biographies and of especial interest to collectors of Sewaneana. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

"The Life of General Edmund Kirby-Smith by the Reverend Arthur Howard Noll, of Sewanee will be welcomed by all Sewanee men who love the memory of that most popular professor and friend; by all Confederate soldiers who admire and reverence the name of this gallant and splendid soldier—a very Chevalier Bayard of the South; and by every American, who is glad to read the story and do honor to the memory of the man who in every relation of life was without fear and without reproach."—Rt. Rev. THOS. F. GAILOR, in *The Disciple of Tennessee*.

Doctor Quintard: Chaplain C. S. A., and Second Bishop of Tennessee

Being his Memoirs of the War, edited and extended by the Rev. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. New edition, 12mo, paper covers, 50 cents.

"Part of its charm is its very frankness and the glimpses it affords of the more or less intimate life of an aristocracy long since a memory and now fast becoming a tradition."—*The Churchman*.

"The book is a valuable contribution to the historical narrative of the war, and especially to certain religious aspects of that strife."—*Boston Times*.

Alexander Gregg: First Bishop of Texas

Written by his son, the late WILSON GREGG, and edited and extended by ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL, LL.D. Cloth, 12mo. Price, by mail, \$1.10.

Progress Printing Company

NASHVILLE :: CHATTANOOGA :: MEMPHIS

Clements Paper Company,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Clements:

You have heard that we landed that fat contract from a host of competitors. It may be we had the stuff. It may be that the style and finish of your papers were right. We used CASTLE BOND stock, with envelopes to match, on this large order for office stationery. That helped some. Obligated for the tip. Anyway, we landed.

Congratulate us,

I. M. GOING, Mgr.

Neely, Harwell & Co.

WHOLESALE

Dry Goods and Notions

Gent's Furnishing Goods

Overalls, Workshirts, Etc.

324 Court Square

Nashville, Tennessee

We Give Service

Established 1887

Collins & Company

(INCORPORATED)

Wholesale Grocers

2329-31 First Avenue

2328-30 Morris Avenue

Birmingham, Alabama

THE
South Atlantic Quarterly

(Established in 1902)

Durham, North Carolina



Cosmopolitan in Scope, Generous
in Policy, but Emphasizing The
Literary, Social and Economic
Life of the Southern States.

The *Atlanta Constitution*, in writing of the July issue and its leading article, says: "This edition, as usual, is filled with meat of many interesting subjects. 'Why Not a Sales Tax?' should be read by every citizen of the U. S."

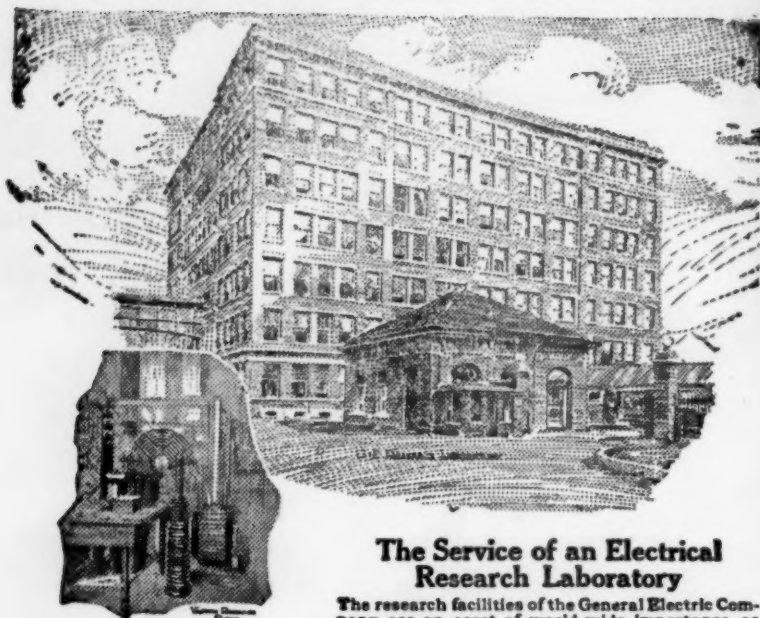
Issued Quarterly

Subscription, \$2.00

Address:

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY

Durham, North Carolina



The Service of an Electrical Research Laboratory

The research facilities of the General Electric Company are an asset of world-wide importance, as recent war work so clearly demonstrated.

A most interesting story tells of the devices evolved which substantially aided in solving one of the most pressing problems—the submarine menace. The results attained in radio communication, special X-ray equipment for field hospital service and many other products, for both combatant and industrial use, did their full share in securing the victory.

In the G-E laboratories are employed highly trained physicists, chemists, metallurgists and engineers—experts of international reputation. These men are working not only to convert the resources of Nature to be of service to man, but to increase the usefulness of electricity in every line of endeavor.

Scientific research works hand in hand with the development of new devices, more efficient apparatus and methods of manufacture. It leads to the discovery of better materials, which ultimately make happier and more livable the life of all mankind.

Booklet Y-863, describing the Company's several plants, will be mailed upon request. Address Desk 37.

Some of the General Electric Company's Research Activities During the War:

Submarine detection devices
X-ray tube for medical service
Radio telephone and telegraph
Electric welding and applications
Searchlights for the Army and Navy
Electric furnaces for gun shrinkage
Magneto insulation for air service
Detonators for submarine mines
Incendiary and smoke bombs
Fixation of nitrogen
Substitutes for materials

General Electric Company

General Office
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sales Offices in
all large cities

96-1401



The Sewanee Review

Sewanee, Tennessee

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., of *The Sewanee Review*, published Quarterly at Sewanee, Tennessee, required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912: President, W. H. MacKellar, Sewanee, Tenn.; Secretary-Treasurer, D. W. Berky, Sewanee, Tenn.; Publisher and Owner, THE SEWANEE REVIEW, Sewanee, Tenn., a corporation not for profit, incorporated under the laws of the State of Tennessee; no stock issued.

(Signed) W. H. MACKELLAR, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1921.

(Signed) D. L. VAUGHAN, Notary Public.

(SEAL)

My commission expires Jan. 12, 1925.

LEBECK BROS.

First In Nashville

- For Ladies' Smart
Apparel
- For Chic Millinery
- For Ladies' Footwear

and for saving you money.

Henry Pilcher's Sons

Established 1832

BUILDERS OF

Pipe Organs

*With all Modern Accessories
of practical value*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

*Correspondence
Solicited*

Ⓐ Highest Award at World's Fair

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.

Official Jewelers to The University of the South

DIAMONDS

AND RICH GOLD JEWELRY

Patek, Phillips & Co. and American Watches

Ecclesiastical, Frat rnity Goods,

Sterling Silver Goods, Art Goods, and Cut Glass

Expert Repairing of Jewelry and Watches

All Work Warranted

Our mail Order Department is prepared to handle your business. Write for 96-page catalogue.

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Company

JAS. B. CARR, Pres. & Mgr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Established 1845

Royal Insurance Co., Limited

OF LIVERPOOL

“Leading Fire Insurance Company of the World”

Incorporated 1811

Newark Fire Insurance Company

OF NEWARK, N. J.

“The Oldest Fire Insurance Company in New Jersey”

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT

HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

MILTON DARGAN, Manager

F. M. MIKELL
U. S. ATKINSON } Ass't Managers

W. Q. SLAUGHTER,
Agency Superintendent

**CLASSES OF BUSINESS WRITTEN:—Fire, Tornado,
Marine, Automobile, Tourist Floater & Sprinkler Leakage**

ENTERPRISE

The Good
Cook's
Choice

BUILT OF

"ARMCO" IRON

Because—

Guaranteed 20 years



Bakes
Best,
Looks
Best

Fills Satisfactorily
Every Household Need

Phillips & Buttorff
MANUFACTURING Co.

Lasts
Longest,
Built
Strongest

"South's Pioneer Stove Makers"

NASHVILLE, TENN.

The South's Greatest Bookstores

Will Supply you Quickly with any Book you
want at the Lowest Possible Price

Write for catalogue and prices before
buying elsewhere

Publishing House M. E. Church, South

SMITH & LAMAR, Agents

NASHVILLE, TENN. DALLAS, TEXAS RICHMOND, VA.

Vaughan Hardware Co.

HARDWARE
IMPLEMENTS
BUGGIES

Crockery and House Furnishings

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE

Sandford Duncan

Real Estate, Rental and Loans

207 Union Street

Nashville, Tennessee

Steed-Leonard Furniture Co.

Office Telephone 96

Residence Telephone 2

The Leading Dealer of
Franklin County

UNDERTAKERS———EMBALMERS

Sewanee Representative:

JOE RILEY

INSURANCE—all forms issued

Complete protection Disability; Surety Bonds; Steam Boiler; Burglary; Life; Liability in all branches; Fire and Tornado.

Special and Prompt Attention to Sewanee Lines

District Manager The Fidelity & Casualty Co. of New York, and Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford.

Office Phone 37

Residence Phone 121

V. R. WILLIAMS,

Winchester, Tenn.

S. A. SHORE

The One-Price House

Everything for People to Wear,
and all kinds of

FLOOR COVERING

American Lady Corsets. Pictorial Review Patterns

Telephone 46

Winchester, Tenn.

COLLINS CO.

Franklin County's

Greatest Seed House

Field and Garden

SEEDS

Telephone 184

Winchester, Tenn.

THE SPRAGUE CO.

WINCHESTER'S

Big Department Store

Largest Assortment—Best Values

See Our Optometrist
for Glasses

**NORTON'S
JEWELRY STORE**

WINCHESTER, TENN.

☞ Fine Watch and Jewelry
Repairing. ¶ Victrolas Sold on
Easy Terms.

**WENGER
AUTO COMPANY**

Buick

Motor Car Distributors

Tires and Accessories

Telephone 100

Winchester, Tenn.

Taylor Hardware Company (Inc.)

Hardware, Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Implements,
Stoves, Queensware and House Furnishings

Custom-made Harness a Specialty

Winchester, Tennessee

SPURLOCK-NEAL CO.

Wholesale Druggists

**Fine Chemicals, Domestic and Foreign Fancy Goods,
Druggists' Sundries and Soda Water Supplies**

Manufacturers of

Pharmaceutical Preparations

214-216 Second Avenue, North

NASHVILLE, TENN.

W. D. GALE & CO.

**Fire and Tornado
Insurance**

INDEPENDENT LIFE BUILDING

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Montgomery & Company

Furniture

Complete Furnishers for Homes, Hotels, Offices,
and the Best Place for Professors and Students
to buy Good Furniture at Reasonable Prices.

213 Third Ave., N.

Nashville, Tennessee

"TELL IT IN GATH"

By JOSEPH A. OSGOODE

"This book should be in every public library. It is not only good literature, but it contains a vast amount of correct historical and literary facts which I have never seen in any other volume."—JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE, State Librarian, Nashville, Tenn.

The contents of the book are comprised in seven chapters as follows: 1. The Tradition of New England Ascendency; 2. The Enigma of Puritanism; 3. Puritan Culture; 4. Southern Character and Tradition; 5. The South and the Civil War; 6. Poe, the Artist; 7. Art and the Nineteenth-Century Bourgeois.

Cloth, 8vo, \$1.50, postpaid.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

¶ Poor deluded Chanticleer thought
that each morn his Crow brought
forth the Rising Sun;

¶ But we all know that he was wrong.

¶ For at the beginning of every day
ten thousand cooks bring forth the
Rising Sun;

¶ And the many thousands hungry
breakfasters rejoice

¶ That The Red Mill has given to
them a Flour that helps as much
to brighten the new day as its
namesake.

Rising Sun

That Good Self-Rising Flour

¶ The Flour that has banished from
the kitchen the word "fail."

Manufactured Exclusively by

Nashville Roller Mills

THE RED MILL

AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

EVERYBODY TELLS
EVERYBODY

Butter Krust
Bread

IS BEST



MADE BY

Nashville Baking Co.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

TELEPHONE OR WRITE TO

DECHERD MILL COMPANY

Manufacturers of

High Grade Flour and Meal

TELEPHONE 45

DECHERD, TENN.

DALLAS M. VILLINES

ART STORE

Beads, College Pennants, Stamped Linens and Yarns

28 Arcade

NASHVILLE, TENN.

28 Arcade

Up-to-Date
Baking Powder
Mfgs.
Up-to-Date
Coffee Roasters.
Servus Brand
Grocery Distributors.

Stagmaier & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Say it with flowers

Foy's

Nashville

Chattanooga



**MENEELY
BELL CO.
TROY, N.Y.
AND
198 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY
BELLS**

The
"Superior Quality"
 BRAND
of
**Cadet Uniforms
 and Caps**

Put an end to all uniform trouble.
 They are the highest standard in
 materials and construction, the real
 requirements for cadet service.

Your school can secure them.
 Send for cadet uniform catalog.

THE HENDERSON-AMES CO.
 KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



**JEMISON
 REAL ESTATE AND
 INSURANCE
 Co.**

REAL ESTATE
 GENERAL INSURANCE
 LOANS

211
 NORTH TWENTIETH
 STREET

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Trigg, Dobbs & Co.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
 South Pittsburg, Tenn.
 Harriman, Tenn.
 Fort Payne, Ala.
 Stevenson, Ala.

Wholesale Grocers

complete line of

Fancy Groceries

Exclusive distributors for

Admiration El Rio Tan
 Charles Denby Red Dot

and other well-known cigars

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Sewanee, Tennessee



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort all the year round.

The Departments of the University are:

SCIENTIFIC,
ACADEMIC,
THEOLOGICAL

The scholastic year opens in September, and is divided into four terms, Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer.

For catalogues and other information, address
RT. REV. A. W. KNIGHT, D.D.,
or THE REGISTRAR. *Vice-Chancellor.*



THE SEWANEE MILITARY ACADEMY

prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business. For catalogue and other information, address THE SUPERINTENDENT, Sewanee, Tenn.

